# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893.


## The Week.

MR. CLEVELAND makes an important addition to his long list of public services in his frank and dignified utterance against the candidacy of Edward Murphy for the Senate. He says, with characteristic courage, what everybody knows to be the simple truth in the matter. No advocate of Mr. Murphy has been able to give any reason for sending him to the Senate other than that he is the "choice of the organization." How he comes to be that choice is not dwelt upon, but everybody familiar with Machine political methods knows that Mr. Murphy himself brought it about by going down into the primaries which nominated candidates for the Legislature and "fixing the thing" there long before the people had given the subject any thought. From that moment to the present time the people have had no voice in the selection, neither have Mr. Murphy's qualifications for the position played any part in it. He simply decided that he would like to have the "place," and he set his machine in motion to secure it for himself. There was only one contingency in which Mr. Murphy would have been in any sense a fit candidate for the Senate. Had Mr. Hill been nominated and elected President, and had the Government of the United States been thus turned over to the spoilsmen for their private advantage, then Mr. Murphy, as distributor of patronage for New York State, would have been an eminently suitable person to sit in the Senate as the New York representative and the exponent of the President's policy.

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The kind of Senator that New York State needs at this time is well defined by Mr. Cleveland:

> "It must not be forgotten, however, that the party has a very hard task to perform if we expect to keep the word that we have passed to the people of the country. They have given us a phenomenal majority—one showing that they expect us to do much. In doing this, a great deal depends upon the State of New York and its great metropolis. The interests of the State and of the party demand, it seems to me, the selection of a Senator who can not only defend the principles of our party, but who can originate and promote policies that may be presented for consideration in the Senate. In order to insure this, the Senator from New York should be a man not only experienced in public affairs, but who has a clear conception of the vital issues with which he must deal during the next few years."

There is no lack of Democrats of that type in the State.

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Gov. Flower, we judge, is not quite easy in his mind touching the appointment of Maynard to be a judge of the Court of Appeals. He publishes eight letters which he has received from different parts of the State commending Maynard as an honest man and shining light in the legal profession. The writers of these letters are mostly persons unknown to fame. They are all quite sure that the Bar Association of New York is unqualified to pass judgment upon Mr. Maynard, and they go much beyond Mr. Flower himself in their endorsement of Maynard. Mr. Flower, it will be recalled, said that since Maynard had been on the bench he had been a very proper man. These eight endorsers consider him a proper man before as well as after he became a member of the highest judicial tribunal. Upon this point Gov. Flower has not yet committed himself. If the Democratic Machine wishes to know what the people of New York really think of Maynard, it can find out by nominating him in the regular way for the office he now holds. An opportunity will be presented in the coming autumn. Gov. Flower, too, if he should happen to be nominated again for an elective office, will find out how many people have "sized him up" by his action in the Maynard case.

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One of these letters, as might be expected—and it is the longest of all—comes from Judge Maynard's pastor, and closely resembles all similar pastoral letters, by totally evading the real issue. Judge Maynard has been convicted on the clearest evidence — documentary mostly—of having committed a specific offence against the law and against the peace and dignity of the good people of the State, which offence proves his unfitness as to character for a judicial office. Moreover, the charge has been made and driven home by a body of lawyers such as, for character and learning, we have never had on any bench in this State. Now mark how Pastor Richards meets this:

> "I wish to state to your Excellency that I have known Judge J. H. Maynard during the past twenty-five years, and most of the time most intimately; that he is my neighbor; that he is a member of the Presbyterian Church of Stamford of which I have the honor to be the pastor, and that he is universally respected and esteemed as a man, and unquestioned as to his legal ability in the community where he is most intimately known. While no one more than myself would deprecate the placing of a man in high office, or keeping him there, who was morally unfit for the office, or who was guilty in any way of tampering with the sacred rights of the peop e as voters, I do not for a moment believe that Judge Maynard would wilfully, or maliciously, or even for partisan purposes, or for the hope of emolument or office, do anything or connive at anything that would deprive any of the citizens of his State of their sacred political right to vote and to have their votes fairly counted. He may have made a mistake in the matter of the Dutchess County returns (of this I am not competent to judge), but that he knowingly made a mistake or connived at any such crime as the Bar Association intimate, I have the utmost confidence in saying is impossible for a man such as I believe Judge Maynard to be."

In other words, he admits, with pastoral simplicity, that he knows nothing of the matter in hand, and would not be "a competent judge" of it even if the facts were before him, but nevertheless declares as a pastor, "with the utmost confidence," that it was "impossible" that Judge Maynard could have committed the offence which nine of the most eminent men of the New York bar (nearly all belonging to his own party) say, after full examination, that he did commit, and — this is enough to make one laugh out in meeting—*Judge Maynard has never denied.* This pastor, too, it must be remembered, is a professional moralist, and is supposed to be competent to direct the consciences of a large body of people in the conduct of life.

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That "scholar in politics," Henry Cabot Lodge, is introducing into Massachusetts the methods with which the Hill Machine has made New Yorkers familiar. Having induced the Republican party to disregard all its traditions and adopt the caucus system for the selection of a United States Senator, he has now followed "Dave" Hill's example of last year by calling a "snap" caucus to meet on the day the Legislature assembles, instead of waiting until the time for electing a Senator a fortnight later, according to the invariable custom in States which hold such caucuses. Lodge's motive now is exactly the same as Hill's was last February—a fear of submitting his case to the deliberate judgment of the public, and a resolution to seize by force what he fears would not be awarded him voluntarily. Of course, Lodge will succeed, as Hill succeeded last February, but when he resorts to such disreputable methods, he writes himself down in the same class to which Hill belongs. There are public men in Massachusetts who would prefer private life to a Senatorship won at such cost.

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The controversy over the Wyoming Legislature has been finally decided in favor of the Democrats. Moreover, the decision is one of which the Republicans cannot complain, since it is made by the Supreme Court of the State, which is composed of members of their party. There seems to be no question that this is a just settlement of the dispute. The question turned upon the result in one precinct of a county electing two members, the returns from which were alleged to contain some technical errors. If this precinct were thrown out, the Republicans would secure control of the Legislature; if its votes were counted, the Democrats would be in the majority. The Republican Supreme Court rightly holds that, as the will of the voters is plain, technical irregularities should not be allowed to de-

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feat that will. It thus appears that the result of the Wyoming election was the choice of a Legislature Democratic by 25 to 24, a Democratic Governor by a majority of 1,781, and a Democratic Congressman by a majority of 461, while there was a plurality of 953 for Harrison. This shows a great deal of independent voting, the credit for which must be divided between the men and women, as the defeat of the Republican candidate for Governor is ascribed directly to the attitude of the latter. The Democrats are claiming that the final settlement reached insures their control of the State for many years to come, but it would be foolish for any party to suppose that it has a mortgage upon a commonwealth whose voters on the same day declare for a Republican President and a Democratic Governor and Legislature.

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The Wyoming settlement assures the Democrats the gain of three seats in the Senate, the other two being from New York and Wisconsin. One more would give them just half of the 88 members, and assure their control of the upper branch of Congress, by the casting vote of Vice-President Stevenson, against the combined vote of the Republicans and Populists. There are three Legislatures any one of which seems likely to elect a Democratic Senator—in California, Montana, and Kansas—and it hardly seems possible that the party can fail to secure at least one. In any event, the Republicans cannot possibly obtain a majority except by the help of the Populists, and there is not one of that party who is likely to help them out. Indeed, there is one of their own number whom they can no longer count upon, as Mr. Stewart of Nevada, who has hitherto been a Republican, opposed that party in the recent canvass, and will be returned as the representative of the Populists. It is consequently certain that the Republicans cannot prevent the carrying through Congress of any Democratic measure; which is as it should be.

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The *Tribune* argues that Mr. Cleveland cannot reverse President Harrison's proclamation putting extra taxes on imports from Venezuela, Colombia, and Hayti, because the act of Congress is "mandatory," and "under the Reciprocity Amendment he will be compelled to close the free market here as long as the conditions of equitable reciprocal trade are withheld." But who is to determine those "conditions"? The law says the President. It refers the whole matter to him, and he shall "deem" what is reciprocally unequal. Therefore, if Mr. Cleveland's judgment in the matter shall be the opposite of President Harrison's, it will be his duty to recall the latter's proclamation, and that precisely because the act is "mandatory." While on this subject, we should like the *Tribune's* opinion on Harrison's course in dealing with Argentine trade. He informed the Argentine Government that he "deemed" their tariff "reciprocally unequal," and said that if no changes were made in it in our favor, he would proclaim a tax on their exports to our country. Then why did he not do it? Was not the act "mandatory" in that case as well as the others?

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The financial eccentricities of the Hon. Charles Foster are so numerous that a new one scarcely challenges attention. Yet when the Secretary of the Treasury commends the present Silver Law because, as he says, our purchases of silver have added $120,000,000 to the currency of the country, and then asks how the banks could have got on without that currency, we thank heaven that his stay in office is short. What would have happened, indeed? Why, we should have had all the gold we wanted, because gold value will always bring gold, strange as that may seem to Mr. Foster. Then if the banks had wanted this in the form of paper, they could have had it by asking the Treasury for gold certificates. This is the answer to Mr. Charles Foster's innocent query. After giving his nugget of wisdom to the newspapers, Mr. Foster said that he intended to make his home in Fostoria, O., after his retirement, although he had been offered a lucrative salary by "a number of concerns," on condition that he would lend his name to them. We can understand this if he was only to lend his name, but not if he was to lend his ideas also.

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The Quarantine Bill which has been agreed upon by the sub-committee of the House Committee on Commerce is so obviously inadequate that we do not believe it will be accepted as satisfactory by the full Committee. It provides for a mixture of national and State quarantine, under the supervision of the Treasury Department, which would be certain to lead to conflict and failure in practice. It decrees that "wherever State quarantine regulations exist, the Hospital Service of the Revenue Marine, under the direction of the Treasury Department, shall have the power to enforce the laws and regulations of the different States"; and that "where there are no State quarantine regulations" the Treasury Department, acting through the Hospital Service, shall establish them in case of necessity. This simply perpetuates existing State quarantine establishments and puts over them the Secretary of the Treasury as a supervising officer. The first and inevitable effect of this arrangement would be to precipitate a conflict between the State and national authorities as soon as an emergency arose. Instead of having the wisest and promptest action possible, we should have a "row," like that of last autumn in the lower bay, between the local Health Officer and the medical authorities of the Government service, in which the health and comfort of incoming travellers of all kinds would be sacrificed. Then, too, we should not command at all ports a uniform service, in charge of the highest expert ability, and all under control of an expert head, with complete authority and undivided responsibility. Any State is at liberty under the bill to establish its own regulations, and, in case of failure to enforce these to the satisfaction of the Treasury Department, the President may detail officers for the purpose of enforcing them. The President is also given power to suspend immigration indefinitely whenever he may think the public health requires it.

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The sentiment in favor of stopping immigration diminishes steadily as one leaves the Atlantic Coast and crosses the continent. By the time he reaches the Mississippi Valley he is quite as likely as not to find the preponderance of expression against any severe measure of restriction. For example, we find in the Milwaukee *Journal* an earnest protest against Senator Chandler's proposition for the suspension of all immigration during 1893. "We need and want," says the *Journal*, "all the good citizens that Europe can send us. There is room for millions more of them without crowding. To close our ports against them would be contrary to public policy. It would deprive this country of the element of population which we absolutely need, and it would be unjust to those people of the Old World who desire to better their condition by coming here, and who would become intelligent, prosperous, and valuable citizens." In the same vein is an article in the Kansas City *Times* which speaks of the prohibitive scheme as "a growing menace to Western development." The *Times* says further: "The great, solemn fact for the West is, that its growth has been a result of immigration. We need not stop there. The progress of the whole United States has had many causes in conjunctive operation, but the fulcrum of every single cause has been the labor of immigrants. The West needs immigrants. It needs thorough organization for the transportation and settlement of new colonies more than it needs a crusade against immigration." The New York *Press* last week quoted Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota as expressing similar views: "He thinks the suspension of immigration would hurt the West and Northwest, which afford a wide field for the use of Germans and Scandinavians." As the Milwaukee *Journal* and Kansas City *Times* are Democratic, while Senator Hansbrough is a Republican, it will be seen that these views do not express the sentiments of one party only.

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Michigan is to have a constitutional convention, and under circumstances so extraordinary that the decision seems al-

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most farcical. The present Constitution was adopted in 1850, and contains a provision that propositions for the holding of a constitutional convention must be submitted to the people at intervals of sixteen years, and may be submitted at more frequent intervals, at the option of the Legislature. Under this provision the question was first submitted in 1866, when a majority voted in favor of a convention, but its work was decisively rejected at the polls. In 1882 the question was again submitted, and the decision was against a convention. The same thing happened in 1880, the majority against a convention being over 9,000. But somebody persuaded the next Legislature to resubmit the proposition, and it was carried at the recent election by the narrow majority of 703. The most remarkable feature of the matter is, that only 33,193 men expressed their opinion on the question either way, although the vote for President aggregated 465,653. That is to say, only one voter in fourteen cared enough about the question of a new Constitution to say either yes or no, and only a bare majority of this fourteenth favored the idea.

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The acquittal of Prof. Briggs by a majority, even on the one crucial charge, larger than the closest observers of his trial had thought possible, is at once a great personal triumph for him and, all things considered, an astonishing display of open-mindedness on the part of the Presbytery. The result justifies the Professor's aggressive bearing and shows that he knew his jury well. An evening paper announced that his fate was sealed by his disrespect for the prosecuting committee, whom he accused of dwelling among bats and owls, but even this assertion has now been decided to be orthodox. There appears to be no doubt that the case will be appealed, and it is within the power of the prosecution to get a decision from the highest court of the denomination next May, which, in the present temper of the Presbyterian Church in the country at large, would certainly be adverse to Prof. Briggs. Yet his opponents will think twice before pushing things with a firm hand. If all the parties to the trial, and the public, are made so utterly weary by the preliminary battle before a jury of 130 members, what would be the result of bringing on a more extensive engagement before a jury of 600? Could all hope to come off alive? Moreover, it is as certain as any future event can be that the case, if fought out, will lead to a split in the Church. The peace-at-any-price men will have the floor during the next four months, and their arguments will have great weight with those who do not love a theological shindy. But, whatever the final outcome, the present decision will be generally and rightly taken as a victory for scholarship over an obsolescent theology, and a distinct setback for the owls and the bats. We say this without expressing any judgment on the technical question whether Prof. Briggs has a legal right to hold the views he does under the terms of Presbyterian subscription.

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Mr. Gladstone reached his eighty-third birthday on Thursday, in good health and spirits, and is overwhelmed by the congratulations of his friends of all classes, from the Queen down. The tone in which the Tory press, too, has been speaking of him of late has changed greatly since 1886, notably in the case of the London *Times*, which loaded him with coarse abuse after his last defeat, but recently, apropos of his Liverpool address, covered him with respectful homage. The old villain who was trying to ruin his country eight years ago in combination with a band of Irish assassins, has become one of the glories of England—the last and by no means the least of a grand generation of statesmen and scholars. The truth is that the old gentleman, by surviving to this great age in full possession of his faculties, and with a mental activity and a capacity for affairs such as have rarely, if ever, been seen at that age, has touched the national pride, even among the regular Gladstone-haters of the upper ten thousand.

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In this chorus of compliments the fact that Mr. Gladstone has, by merely living so long, achieved one of his greatest political triumphs, is likely to be overlooked, but a fact it is. There never was any concealment that one of the chief objects of Lord Salisbury's postponement of the general election to the latest possible date was to give Gladstone time to die or break down. There was no good Conservative who, in 1886, was not confident that by the next election Gladstone would certainly be out of the field. He frequently referred on the stump to this expectation of theirs as an explanation of their reluctance "to go to the country." "They were playing," he said, "against the life of an old man." He must, therefore, as the years ran by, have often chuckled over his own continued health and strength. As he runs about the country now, climbs mountains, chops down trees, and delivers courses of college lectures, besides bearing the chief burden of a great government, he must feel that he "has got the laugh" on his enemies as probably no octogenarian has ever got it before. They have cut down his majority, no doubt, but then even forty is a tremendous majority for a man who, they said, would certainly be dead when the election took place. It is pleasant to find that his continued existence is received with something like graceful resignation in circles in which he was once a shape of dread. The old lady who said she looked in the paper every morning eagerly for the news of his death, and the old lady who said she would gladly pay for a rope to hang him, and the other old lady who, hearing he was coming to a funeral at which she was present, exclaimed in terror, "Oh, dear, I hope he won't make a disturbance," are doubtless all reconciled more or less to him as the last relic of a great generation of statesmen and soldiers who carried England, both in field and forum, through some of the most serious crises in her history.

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The Home-Rule Bill which Mr. Gladstone has more than once announced as now his chief concern, is being drafted by a committee of the Cabinet of which Mr. James Bryce is the leading member. In giving him the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office which is almost a sinecure, it was, we believe, Mr. Gladstone's desire to secure his time and attention for this work principally. How far the bill has got towards completion no outsider knows for certain, but Mr. Morley, in his recent speech to his constituents at Newcastle, intimated pretty clearly that it had virtually reached its final shape, and was a scheme which England "would" and Ireland "ought" to accept as a final settlement. But it must be admitted that the English public interest in it is more or less diminished by the expectation that the Lords will throw it out, and that their resistance, if ever overcome, would be overcome only after a struggle which Mr. Gladstone can hardly be expected to bring to a final close. Even if he resorted to the desperate measure of creating enough new Peers to swamp the Opposition, he could hardly create enough to overcome a majority of four hundred. Mr. Goldwin Smith compares the Lords to our Senate, which blocks legislation sent up from the House without the smallest danger to its existence or integrity; but he forgets to mention that the American Senate is an elected body, and that changes in its composition are, though slowly, effected by change in popular sentiment, while the House of Lords is a "close corporation," in which the majority always belongs to one party and can in no way be directly affected by any change in public opinion. This anomaly becomes every year more obnoxious, and the only way of curing it, while preserving the hereditary principle, would be the creation at each change of administration of as many new Peers as would suffice to bring the majority in the upper house into harmony with the majority in the House of Commons. But this would, of course, soon wreck the peerage as a branch of the Government. A compromise by which enough Peers of the majority stay away to let the minority work its will, was successfully tried in the passage of the Reform Bill and in that of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill; but this must, of course, be a mere makeshift which cannot be often resorted to.

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### THE RIGHT TO LABOR.

THE American people have always been disposed to listen to appeals for the oppressed, being, as Mr. Bryce said in his book upon us, a people of kindly nature. Hence, when the trade-unions and labor organizations started up, some years ago, with their outcry against the tyranny of capital and their promises of better pay to workmen, they met with a great deal of sympathy. Most people were ignorant of the history of the trade-guilds of the middle ages, and had forgotten that the first reform of the French Revolution was the abolition of these corporations by Turgot. They good naturedly welcomed this movement, in short, as they welcome any movement claiming to be benevolent, without at first scrutinizing its motives or criticising its methods; and while the people were in this mood, those who undertook to speak in behalf of "labor" succeeded in getting a good deal of "labor" legislation into our statute books. It is scarcely necessary to say that by this time the people have taken the measure of this whole labor movement. Its jealous and monopolistic spirit has betrayed it, and it is now pretty generally understood that any advantages in wages gained by trade-unions are at the expense of the great body of laborers who are not members of these organizations. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the conviction is becoming general that wages cannot be increased, nor any great improvement in the condition of the poor be effected, by legislation, except in so far as legislation increases industry by removing its shackles. Probably we may hope for a diminution of "labor" legislation in the future, but it will take a long time to undo the mischief already done.

It is gratifying, therefore, to see evidences of a disposition on the part of the courts to exercise their constitutional function of protecting the fundamental liberties guaranteed by our bills of rights to all men. It is not surprising that there should be a disposition among our judges to go to great lengths in sustaining the constitutionality of statutes. The Legislature is a body presumptively representing the people and holding its mandate directly from them. In a State constituted like ours of several coördinate powers, it is the part of wisdom to avoid the appearance of conflicting jurisdictions and of undue extension of functions. But, after all, it is in our constitutions that the matured will of the people is expressed, and the highest trust committed to our courts is that of preserving intact those rights which have received constitutional guarantee.

Whatever timidity may have been observed in the defence of this trust by some of our courts, certain recent decisions by the Supreme Court of Illinois indicate a wholesome sense of responsibility on its part. A number of statutes have been passed in that State, at the demand of the labor organizations, prohibiting and enjoining various acts and agreements in connection with the relation of employer and employed, especially in mining and manufacturing occupations. One of these statutes made it unlawful for any person or corporation to sell anything to any employee, and others provided that coal-miners should regulate wages according to certain methods of weighing coal at the pits, no matter what the wishes or interests of the parties might be—the transactions to be recorded, and the records to be open to the inspection of numerous private individuals and public functionaries. All these statutes have been condemned by the court.

As to the first of them, it was held that such a statute "was a prohibition, not only upon the employer engaged in mining or manufacturing, but also upon his employees, and took from both the right and liberty belonging to all other members of the community to enter into such contracts, not contrary to public policy, as they may see fit; that the Legislature had no power to deprive one class of persons of privileges allowed to other persons under like conditions; that the privilege of contracting is both a liberty and a property right, protected by that provision of the Constitution which guarantees that no person shall be deprived of his liberty or property without due process of law; and that if one person is denied the right to contract and acquire property in the manner which he has hitherto enjoyed under the law, and which is still allowed to other members of the community, he is deprived of both liberty and property to the extent that he is thus deprived of the right of contract." The other statutes were held unconstitutional upon the same ground, and for the kindred reason that men engaged in mining coal were especially discriminated against.

These decisions seem to us to be of the most enlightened character, and to be of the greatest value as securing the most important of all rights, the right of every man to the free disposal of his labor. As the protectionists have labored under the delusion that when a tax is imposed upon the products of foreign countries imported in exchange for our own, "the foreigner pays the tax," so the "labor" representatives have assumed that diminishing the profits of employers has no tendency to lessen the wages of their workmen. Doubtless many employers are disposed to be oppressive, but there is abundant evidence that this evil is not cured by imposing vexatious restraints upon all employers, good or bad. Nothing is better understood in the modern world, and especially in this country, than that it does not pay to starve either beasts or men if it is desired to get effective service from them; and it is almost self-evident that the employer who does not understand this is likely to meet with chastisement more effective than can be applied by the machinery of legislation.

Upon this subject a distinction has been taken by the Supreme Court of Rhode Island which, if generally followed, would be subversive of the right to contract as recognized in Illinois. The Rhode Island court denies that such a right can be regarded as the property of any corporation created by the State, and maintains that a statute prescribing the terms upon which corporations and their employees may contract is not unconstitutional, because it does not impair the rights of employees to contract with "any person or body, natural or artificial, that is authorized to contract with them." There is undoubtedly much strength in this position, but in these days of enormous corporate activity the application of such doctrine might be practically destructive of the right to labor. We can only say by way of criticism at this time that there is nothing in the fiction of corporate entities that makes the nature of the contract for service different from what it is in the case of any large employer of labor, and that legislation which would be unconstitutional if directed against natural persons is not very likely to promote justice simply because it can be constitutionally applied in the case of persons invested by law with an artificial existence.

### THE ENGLISH FARMER'S PLIGHT.

THE English Agricultural Conference which met three weeks ago in London to consider the deplorable condition of British agriculture was one of the most interesting meetings called forth by the present crisis in trade and finance, because it brought to light the real feelings of probably the most silent portion of the discontented classes. The English farmer has been going steadily down hill almost ever since 1873, but nobody has until now heard a word of complaint from him. The landlords have complained a great deal of the falling off of their rents, but the farmer has said nothing. This is, in part, due to the fact that farming is, and has been since 1815, more of a trade in England than in any other country, in which men invest capital as they would in manufacturing, and out of which they go quietly when they find it does not pay any longer. In most other European countries, farming is for the farmer simply a means of subsistence, and the only one open to him; and he clings to the soil whether times be bad or good.

But the English farmer's dumbness is also due to his extraordinary phlegm and the smallness of his vocabulary. He is probably the least vocal of civilized men, and one has to know him to know what amount of culture it has taken to get English literature and eloquence out of the original Anglo-Saxon stock. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer, Old and New Style," contains probably the whole of the farmer's politics and political economy since the beginning of the present century, and nothing can well be simpler and more direct. Fidelity to the Squire, to the "Constitution

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in Church and State," and a stern determination to keep the laborer in his place, have included almost his whole philosophy of life. His long support of the Corn Laws—which were enacted in 1815, nominally for his benefit, but out of which he got little or nothing—until he was beaten by the manufacturers and the professors and "bookmen" in 1846, was the most curious episode in his career. Thorold Rogers makes it clear that the cultivator of the soil made little or no profit out of the enormous prices for grain which he obtained during the thirty years of high protection. The profit was all absorbed by the landlords, in raised rents, but the farmer stood by them stoutly in the desperate resistance they offered to Cobden and the League.

Cobden was just as odious to them in the ten years before 1846 as his memory is now to the American manufacturer; and Peel, when he became a free trader, was as great an object of opprobrium in English country houses as Gladstone has been since he became a convert to Irish home rule. In fact, the very name of "free-trader" was as great a term of reproach at a "farmers' ordinary" in the wheat-growing counties in England during the Anti-Corn Law agitation as it has been during the past ten years here at the dinners of a "Home-Market Club," or a "Business Men's Protective Association," or as "Abolitionist" was at the South for twenty years before the war. Anthropologists might find much entertainment in comparing the political abuse of these three periods and places. Nothing brings out the wonderful homogeneousness of human nature under different skies and differing governments more clearly than an attack on the pocket of the individual man, such as is necessarily made in all attempts to abolish protective duties. The fury of a woman scorned or of a tigress in defence of her cubs is often almost equalled by the rage of the possessor of an infant industry, whose 50 or 60 per cent. of state nourishment is threatened by a malignant theorist.

The English farmer has, however, at last appeared on the platform, as a class apart from the landlords, to say his say about the agricultural crisis through which England is slowly passing. When a man who has long been famous for his silence asks for a hearing, he is apt to command general attention, and when the farmer took the floor, England became all ears. It was generally expected that he would demand, in thunder tones, some or all of the now familiar remedies of the Irish farmer—judicial rents, fixity of tenure, compensation for improvements, and the abolition of the power of distress for rent—and that he would, perhaps, blow a blast against the game laws. But, to the astonishment of the public, about none of these things did he seem to care. In fact, the delegates seemed to have no grievance against the landlords at all. They acknowledged that the rents, except in two or three counties, had been reduced as much as could be expected, and that other grievances did not exist—one of the most striking proofs we have had for a long time of the healthiness of the relations between landlord and tenant in England. What the farmers asked for, and voted for, and refused to hear opposed, was, to the public amazement, a restoration of the duties on farm produce, more especially wheat. As this would mean, of course, dearer food for the laborers in all callings, there is about as much chance of their getting it as of restoring the Heptarchy, but they gave every possible proof of their faith in it as the only remedy worth talking about, and they roared down all opponents of it, and broke up amid the laughter and jeers of the manufacturing districts and "the professors."

A touch of the humorous was given to the close of the proceedings by the appearance on the scene of Mr. Chaplin, the late Minister of Agriculture, and the finest specimen perhaps in England of the old-fashioned Tory Squire, as the advocate of bimetallism. With silver restored to its ancient and rightful place in the currency, he holds that the ills of the farmer as well as those of the artisan and the merchant would vanish; American competition would somehow subside, incomes would increase, and prices remain steady. He became so excited over his theme that he went so far as to embrace that just now Tory abomination, Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, who, too, has come out for bimetallism; for it would appear that in spite of differences of race, religion, birth, and calling, all bimetallists are brethren. In fact, there are numerous signs that all people who are "hard up," or are bothered by their creditors, tend naturally either to plain silver or to a bimetallic compound, as the true money of the poor and unfortunate, the weary and heavy-laden. The Irish and English farmer, the embarrassed trader, self-supporting women, widows, orphans, shipwrecked sailors, clergymen on small salaries—in fact, everybody but millionaires—would, it appears, be the better of the bimetallic tonic. It seems such a simple remedy that the reluctance of the nations to try it somewhat resembles the aberrations of the Israelites in the wilderness.

## *THE FRENCH NEW YEAR.*

THE new year opens with a good deal of perplexity for all the civilized nations, but probably for none with so much tribulation as for the French. The Panama Canal scandal has brought to light a good many weak places in the framework of their Government, more particularly the overwhelming predominance of the Chamber over the Senate and the President. No sooner does a great strain come on the Republican Constitution than it plainly appears that neither the President nor the Senate counts for much, that the seat of sovereignty is in the Chamber of Deputies, and, what is still worse, that the Deputies themselves perceive this, and in trying times have to exercise some self-restraint in not converting themselves into a Committee of Public Safety and throwing the Constitution overboard. The other branches of the Government have plainly but little public sentiment behind them. In times of excitement it seems to be as much as they can do to hold their own. Far from exercising any controlling influence, or even moderate influence, on the crisis, they are content if they are not accused or can escape notice. There were signs of this when President Grévy was driven into resignation by the simple refusal of the Chamber to form a ministry for him. This is the all but inevitable consequence of the election of the President by the Parliament. What creates can generally destroy. The American President, on the other hand, being elected by the popular vote, has deeper roots in the popular will than either Senate or House, and could probably defy Congress, even if he were obliged, as is the President in France, to make up his Cabinet from among members of Congress.

But the danger to which this rule exposes a removable Executive has been thoroughly revealed in recent French experience. The expulsion of President Grévy from office by simply refusing to serve under him was a precedent which clearly has not been forgotten in the present crisis. It showed the Chamber the full extent of its powers, and probably prepared the way for the Panama explosion, by which both President and Senate have been completely pushed aside. Not only this, but criminal jurisdiction has been wrested from the ordinary tribunals and turned over to a committee of the Chamber charged with all the furious passions of the hour. If we can imagine the Poland Committee in 1872 not only armed with the power of sending for persons and papers for purposes of investigation, but overriding the courts of law in the District of Columbia, and arresting and keeping in prison everybody, whether members of the House or not, suspected of connection with the Crédit-Mobilier scandal, and pursuing them with processes unknown to the law, we shall have some idea of the very slight hold which the constitutional division of powers has just now on the French mind. The Senate is all the while shaking in its boots, and President Carnot is probably only too thankful when the day closes without a formal declaration that he is the worst of the lot, and ought to "go."

The second, and possibly more alarming, revelation made by the crisis is the boldness of the Anarchists with their new weapon—dynamite. The knowledge of the power of terrorizing the community which this has given them, has increased their insolence to a degree not heretofore witnessed. Their temper, too, is one which makes all conciliation and compromise seem as impossible with them

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as with wild beasts. Their sole programme is to "wring the necks" of people who own any property, and, in fact, bring about a general dissolution of the social bond. The Socialists proper do not go quite as far as this, but they go a good way with the Anarchists. In some of the smaller towns, such as Montluçon and Roubaix, having elected the Mayor and got hold of the local government, almost their first act has been the dismissal and disorganization of the police, so as to render them powerless for the protection of persons and property against mob violence. In fact, if they were paid to prepare the French republic for "the Man on Horseback" or "the Saviour of Society," they could not go to work more effectively or systematically. Their numbers and audacity are in truth leading large numbers of people in France, as well as elsewhere, to the conclusion that a revolution, or attempt at revolution, once in twenty years, is one of the necessities of French society, in order to make a clearance in the capital of the dangerous class which springs up with each new generation.

Under the first Empire the ruthless demands, ruthlessly enforced, of the army, converted all the malcontents of the capital into food for cannon. In 1849 and 1851, risings against the Republic and the Empire respectively led to their slaughter or deportation in immense numbers. In 1870 their temporary success as "the Commune" caused their destruction on a greater scale than ever before. In 1890 another crop of them had sprung up, which, were there a monarch now on the throne, would have again attempted to try conclusions with the troops in the streets, in the hope of meeting with only a half-hearted resistance; for the one thing no modern monarch, except, perhaps, that of Russia, can afford to do, is to treat his own capital as a city taken by assault, and sweep the streets with grape. If there were now either a Bonapartist or an Orleanist on the French throne, he would think many times before ordering the troops to do their worst on his beloved subjects; and the enemies of order would know his weakness and count on it. The Republic has no need of any such tenderness. It has no family interests behind it to be taken care of, and if Gen. Saussier, the commander of the Paris garrison, had now to try conclusions with an armed insurrection, he would assuredly put it down with as unflinching a hand as Gen. Gallifet in 1871. Such portions of the flower of anarchy as escaped from the barricades would meet their fates, as their predecessors did, with their backs to some barrack wall at the hands of firing parties, and for twenty years more there would be peace in the land.

The malcontents of our day know all this well, and will probably not give the troops a chance to try the new Lebel rifle on them, or in any manner show themselves in the open. But this at present almost increases the embarrassment of the Government, as the struggle with concealed Anarchists, whose ranks have not undergone the usual thinning, and who have since 1870 come into possession of a real, formidable, and cheap weapon, is likely to be protracted and ineffective. Anarchism is probably an old disease, but the earlier ages disposed of it by summary and savage methods which are not open to modern Governments. We are fighting it with schools and philanthropy, but neither of these seems as yet to contain the proper cure. The schools teach the Anarchist to read Karl Marx and learn that the well-to-do are robbers, and that philanthropy is for the most part a feeble and impudent attempt at partial restitution.

## *PRESIDENT LOW ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.*

In the January number of the *Educational Review* the President of Columbia College gives his impressions of the condition and tendencies of the "higher education" in the United States. He modestly disclaims expert authority, and undertakes only to state "the impressions of one coming from without into the educational field." But whatever Dr. Low may have been in 1890, he is no longer an outsider in educational matters. He has been for three years the head of a great and growing university, and the period of his Presidency has been one of especially rapid development. The University has been transformed from a collection of unrelated fragments into an organic whole, and its consolidation has not only checked a considerable waste of educational energy, but has given a wise direction to the forces thus set free. It is not probable that all this progress is due solely to the wisdom of the President. Every revolution has its antecedent history, and it may be assumed that the changes made at Columbia during the past three years had long been preparing; but the speed and smoothness with which they were realized after Dr. Low's accession to office show a greater degree of insight into educational matters than his disclaimer would indicate.

In surveying the development of the higher education during the past quarter of a century, Dr. Low distinguishes two currents. One of these he terms the "world current" and ascribes to "the demand which has been felt everywhere for the recognition of new studies as of equal intrinsic value, in these days, with the old humanities. This pressure has come especially from two directions: from the modern languages and from the many new developments of science. No country has been exempt from this pressure." The result in this country has been a widening of the field of college instruction, partly by the establishment of "parallel curricula," partly by the introduction of the elective system.

The other current he terms "national"; and this, in his analysis, is substantially university development as distinguished from the mere broadening of the college course. Its most important results are the incorporation of the professional schools into the scheme of the university, the development of non-professional graduate courses, and the correlation of the professional courses with the courses of research. Above the "higher education," in the old sense of the term, has appeared "this new thing, the university"; and "the college . . . is no longer and never can become again . . . the top of the educational system of the United States." "The college aims, or should aim, to lay the broad foundation upon which the university must build."

With this general statement of the tendencies of the highest education in the United States no one can well quarrel, but issue may be taken with Dr. Low's use of terms. Is the university movement in any true sense a "national" as distinguished from a "world current"? The whole movement, as he recognizes, is largely due to men educated abroad and familiar with the great European universities; and in our organization of the American university we are steadily approaching the Continental model. We think that the future historian of education in the United States will describe this movement in the midst of which we stand to-day as "the reception of the German university system." Of course we are not borrowing that system in all its details, and of course much that we have borrowed is becoming modified by American conditions; but we are debtors to Germany for the main principles of the new organization.

From the point of broadest view it seems to us that Dr. Low's two currents are identical in source, and that the only distinction is in the channels into which the stream has poured. A generation ago a great body of new learning was striving to force its way into our educational system. Not merely were the modern languages and the natural sciences inadequately housed in our schools and colleges, but philology, philosophy, the historical and political sciences, and the higher and more complex branches of inductive natural science were without academic shelter of any sort. The establishment of "parallel courses" (which term, we suppose, includes the scientific schools) and the introduction of the elective system could only partly meet the necessities of the situation. For advanced work in all these neglected subjects, the preliminary training of the college (or something equivalent to that training) was absolutely required. Some attempt was made, indeed, to crowd advanced courses into the already overcrowded college curriculum, but the results were far from satisfactory. The proper place for such work was in graduate courses; and with the establishment of graduate courses coördinated with the professional courses, these studies have begun to thrive and bear fruit. What is more, they have begun to broaden the

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work of the professional schools and to inspire them with the true university spirit—to which, as Schiller said long ago, Isis is "the high and heavenly goddess," and not merely "the excellent cow that supplies its devotees with butter."

Much of this Dr. Low himself recognizes. He says in terms that the introduction of the elective system into our colleges was largely due to the university movement. What he does not say, unless between the lines, but what we believe to be true, is that in so far as true university work, especially work of research, has been crowded into the college course, the experiment has been unsuccessful. The attempt to provide in this way for the highest education has been a failure. The stream has forced its way into the wrong channel.

It is a natural corollary of Dr. Low's view of the relation of the college and the university that he should look forward to a time when the college training shall be made a prerequisite for university education in theology, law, and medicine.

> "The prophetic eye," he says, "can even now discern the day when a college education will be a condition precedent for entrance into the professional schools of the American university. This will not mean that only college-trained men will make good practitioners in law or medicine, for example, nor that only college-trained men are entitled to a professional education. It will rather mean, I think, that the university will then have fully realized its own obligation to the country to send forth into professional life, in all parts of the land, men of a thorough and wide equipment. . . . I am not anticipating this result in the immediate future; but that this is the end towards which things are tending, seems to me hardly open to dispute."

Perhaps, when the universities of the country have taken this position, the people of the country may say that no man shall be permitted to practise law or medicine without college and university training. That is the position which republican France and democratic Germany—socially democratic under its monarchic forms of government—have already taken, refusing to put up with professional service that is in any way short of the best that their educational institutions can provide.

## THE PANAMA QUESTION.

PARIS, December 15, 1892.

ONE of the principal newspapers of Paris asserted recently, in somewhat melancholy tone, that the entire Republic of France seemed to have suspended its activity, and that both Government and country appeared to exist for but a single thing. The assertion is true enough. For some little time now nothing else has been discussed but the Panama question. It supplies the matter for every conversation, the theme of every newspaper article. It has brought about the fall of a Ministry, and the succeeding Cabinet has been constituted not on its own political programme, but on its views in reference to this subject. In the importance that has thus been assigned to the Panama scandal, there is, however, some allowance to be made for exaggeration. In order to pass a sound judgment, one needs to try and rearrange the perspective. When this is done, and one has eliminated personalities and considerations of merely secondary import, one is able to perceive that the gravity of the facts, from a general point of view, is in no wise proportionate to the ado made about them, and that what is really most worthy of attention is things that have been considered accessory, and have thus been little noticed.

The events which have brought about the present crisis are too well known to need more than a brief reference to them. In consequence of the success of the Suez Canal, M. Lesseps enjoyed throughout France a popularity that one may characterize as prodigious. By means of it he was admitted a member of the Academy. He became the "Grand Français." And so, when he placed himself at the head of a new enterprise, having as its object another isthmus to be pierced, the scheme appeared excellent in the eyes of the public at large, and subscriptions flowed in. This money, however, be it noted, came almost all of it from the pockets of the lower middle classes. The accredited capitalists of the country held aloof, either because they questioned the enthusiastic statements of M. Lesseps, and were the better able to realize the enormous material difficulties of the enterprise, or because they remembered certain details in the history of the Suez Canal which the final success of the enterprise had caused to be forgotten. At the end of a relatively short time, the Panama Company found itself involved in the greatest embarrassment. The financial management was deplorable; the works made hardly any progress; and in spite of the credit of M. Lesseps, in spite of the fallacious accounts that were published in profusion, public confidence was shaken. In order to obtain more money, the Company conceived the plan of issuing shares with lottery prizes attached to them. For this plan to be authorized an act of Parliament was necessary. A bill was brought in by the Government giving the requisite authorization, and, in spite of opposition from a section of the Chamber, the law was voted in the spring of 1888. The emission of these new shares was a complete failure, and in December of the same year the Company was obliged to suspend payment. The Government made a last attempt to save an enterprise that had swallowed up a milliard and a half of French capital. It proposed a bill to suspend for three months all the liabilities of the Panama Company. This extraordinary measure was rejected by the Chamber, and the Company was forced into liquidation. At the same time the affair was brought under the cognizance of the tribunals. Certain acts of the directors were found to have been irregular and an inquiry was instituted.

After a certain lapse of time, however, the matter was hushed up. The inquiry was said to be proceeding, but as no one saw any result, the public began to think that the Government feared the scandal of a public trial in which M. Lesseps would be implicated, and that, consequently, it sought to procrastinate, in the hope that the death of this octogenarian might occur to free the situation. In fact, people considered the affair as definitively dead and buried. Such was not the case. The Government, it is true, knowing better than anybody else the secrets of the affair, would have been only too willing to do nothing at all in the matter. But this attitude of indifference it was not allowed to maintain. A few weeks ago the papers announced that proceedings had been ordered against the directors of the Company, and that the Government was to be interpellated in reference to the question.

There is scarcely any need to recall the events that succeeded. Every one knows how a member of the Chamber declared from the tribune that a large number of Deputies had been bribed by the Panama Company to vote for the bill authorizing the issue of lottery shares, and how a parliamentary committee of inquiry was chosen to investigate facts of this nature. The Committee set to work at once, summoned witnesses, discovered a certain number of facts seeming to justify the action of the Deputy who had made the accusations, but soon came into conflict with the magistrates, who refused to communicate the papers which were in the possession of the courts, and which, by the letter of the law, should be kept rigorously secret. At the same time the Loubet Cabinet, which only sought a pretext for resigning, allowed itself to be overthrown apropos of an incident without importance and almost ridiculous in its nature. But after a crisis of some days' duration, since no one was willing to accept power until all these thorny questions should be settled, the spectacle was presented of the Government's coming back to office with almost all of its former members, under the Presidency of M. Ribot.

The events I have thus rapidly recapitulated—the labors of the Committee of Inquiry, the conflict between this committee and the magistracy, the fall and reconstitution of the Ministry—all centre in a single fact, viz., the bringing to light of certain reprehensible acts perpetrated in the affair of the Panama Canal, with which have been mixed up a number of individuals belonging to the political world. These revelations have made a great noise throughout the country. The newspapers have filled their columns with daily accounts of the scandal; and such as flourish chiefly by the publication of sensational articles, have multiplied their editions in which the ordinary facts of the case have been dressed up in the most fanciful manner. To judge from all this agitation, it would seem that these sorry events are of a nature to revolutionize the whole State; and yet, if one rightly considers the matter, the sensation produced throughout the country is not in reality so great as one may be tempted to believe. And first of all, for many people there were no discoveries to be made. It had long been known that dishonest acts had been perpetrated. The incidents of the last few days have done no more than confirm what had before been pretty well understood, and the individuals accused were just those in reference to whose honesty or dishonesty no mistake was possible. And so, for those who had any knowledge at all of these things, saddened as they might be by the sight of so much mud stirred up, and regretting on political grounds the glare of publicity thus thrown upon it, these revelations were no revelations at all.

The country at large, it is true, was not in the same position. The vast majority of electors knew nothing of what existed under outside appearances. One may nevertheless question whether the revelations now made are of a nature to make a lasting impression upon them, capable, at least, of affecting their votes sufficiently to bring about a modification in the politics of the country. In general, such a belief does not prevail. As a matter of fact, the electoral committee which has nominated a Deputy deeply compromised in the Panama scandal, will not on this account necessarily withdraw its confidence from him. Ten to one, the committee will not be able to see clearly into the matter. They will probably accept as current coin the explanations given; they will not be able to understand the fictitious operations that have served to conceal the acts

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of bribery, and they will end by accepting, as being lawful, transactions which in reality were nothing better than swindles in the eyes of people more experienced. If anything be needed to prove that this is so, we have at hand the quite recent case of M. Wilson. The acts of which he had been guilty, and which, it will be remembered, caused the resignation of his father-in-law, M. Grévy, were far more openly dishonest than those of the Deputies implicated in the Panama affair; and yet he passes in his constituency for a victim, and has been reëlected County Councillor.

From a more general point of view, the Panama revelations are not sufficient in themselves to discredit the Government in power and to cause a reaction against it. For one thing, the members compromised are not confined to the majority; and, in addition to this, it would need an organized Opposition to be able to take advantage of the situation. But, as I have several times had occasion to show, the Opposition at the present time is completely disorganized.

In the occurrences of the last few weeks, however, attention has been drawn to a certain number of what we may call characteristic facts. Defects little suspected have suddenly been revealed in our constitutional organization. The French Constitution naturally comprises several pieces of machinery of different structure—executive power, Senate, Chamber of Deputies—designed to be complementary to each other, and, by balancing each other, to prevent any surprise. Now, in the incidents we have just passed through, it is the Chamber of Deputies alone that has manifested its existence. The Senate, as may be supposed, has not been involved, and the executive power is itself eclipsed in presence of the all-powerful Deputies. One newspaper declared that it was the President of the Commission, M. Brisson, who was sole governor of France, and the assertion was not far short of the truth. The Committee of Inquiry has arrogated to itself every power, and has imposed upon the Chamber all its wishes. The magistracy, as we remarked above, tried to resist, but the Government has removed a recalcitrant magistrate from his post, and the resistance has been broken. This omnipotence of the Chamber, this inability of any part of the Government whatsoever to resist its wishes and even its caprices, is somewhat alarming, for at whatever date the Chamber might be pleased to reassume the rôle played by its predecessor in 1792, it is difficult to see what there would be to prevent it. At the same time we may remark that the peculiar situation which the Panama scandal has thus thrown into relief has no real connection with it; whence we may conclude, speaking politically and not morally, that the importance of recent events is not so great as the newspapers would have us believe.

In a word, a disinterested person, that is, a person who is neither Deputy, journalist, nor shareholder in the Panama scheme, if he would sum up the impression produced by the events of the last week or two—of which the end is not yet—might exclaim, not, "Much ado ab ut nothing," for the present spectacle is really full of interest, but, "Much cry and little wool." S.

## THE GALILEO FESTIVAL AT PADUA.

FLORENCE, December 12, 1892.

WHEN, as a tourist, at the close of October, I spent three days at Padua, not dreaming that I should so soon be summoned there again, I thought that I had never seen a more picturesque, but also rarely a more dead or dormant, place. Under the mellow autumn haze the great ramparts looked sleepily at the Euganean Mountains across the fertile Lombardo-Venetian plain, with its little polled willows and mulberry trees everlastingly festooned with vines. The slender branches of the river wound lazily in their course through every quarter of the town, washing old fretted house-foundations or crannied garden-walls of brick, and spanned by single-arched bridges of masonry about whose feet the weeds and wild flowers grew. The massive little houses, hoary or black from the weather of centuries, dozed behind their iron-barred or heavy wooden-shuttered windows; the churches were empty; and beneath the low and sombre arcades the dull-eyed women all seemed poor, while the men went slowly and looked lank and concave under their faded brown or olive cloaks. The narrow streets rattled to the sound of no carriage-wheels, and showed no soil of horses; for the only vehicles one ever met were a couple of superannuated cabs, a rare donkey-cart with vegetables, or some wagon with gray oxen heavily drawing a cask of wine—the slowly gathering evening of a town whose morning had been strong and sweet, one felt, but which was doomed at last to the black ruin under whose curse sad Venice could be seen visibly rotting under one's eyes only a few miles away.

Such is the shallow sort of impression to which we Americans, wandering in search of picturesque effect, and never getting a peep at the inner life of the places we visit, abandon ourselves without hesitation. How different, we love to say, from our bright and cosey wooden homes, with their new paint and their morally enlightened interiors, are these moribund abodes, with their feet resting on stone arches, their fireless chambers, and their sunless courts. The weather has gnawed the plaster of their upper stories, and on their basements the street inflicts with impunity every excoriation and obscene affront. Their very walls seem soaked with wickedness. In the corners of their dwelling-rooms darkness and ancient guilt must mantle; and the souls of the people who are born there must grow up with something gloomy and, so to speak, cavernous about them—something like a ghostly blight from their consanguinity with all that sinful past. To romantic reveries of this sort I had let my imagination drift at Padua hardly less than at other places in Italy. And yet the tramway to the station, the large and handsome café in the centre of the town, a certain air of solidity about the houses in spite of the surface-decay of so many, and above all the admirable paving of the streets, ought to have put me on a truer track. Italian cities in general, however, are paved with a perfection undreamed of in America, where we too have ruins and antiquities, only we keep them horizontal. But the plain fact is that Padua was empty when I was there. The University was closed, many of the rich citizens were in the country still; and in a town of 50,000 people that makes a great difference. But, apart from that, the picturesque impression of life which an American gets in these old cities is purely subjective and false. It is a case of the "pathetic fallacy." We think that these people themselves feel as a lot of kiln-dried Americans would feel if suddenly made to sleep in their mildewed abodes. But no generation of men ever themselves feel mildewed, however they may strike an ignorant spectator—even the Venetians being hearty and hopeful and happy in their unspeakable decay. To the solid flesh of youth, in whatever antique surroundings born and bred, the world and life ever did and ever will seem fresh and young; and it was the young and jolly side of old Padua which revealed itself this week upon my second visit to the town.

On the 7th of December three hundred years ago, Galileo, who, though but twenty-eight years old, had already discovered the laws of falling bodies, was installed as professor of mathematics in the Paduan University, which, that year, numbered in round terms 1,000 officers and students divided into their respective nations. He stayed there eighteen years, the most peaceful of his life, and in them made his astronomical discoveries and wrote his best-known works. The present University accordingly has celebrated by a great festival, in which the city joined, the tercentenary anniversary of the great Pisan's advent, sending, as is usual, invitations to learned bodies all over the world. The Italians manage festivals well, with a light but at the same time careful touch, which provides plenty to see and hear and eat and drink, but of nothing too heavily or too long. The student's revelries lasted the whole week, and drew great crowds from other places. The official exercises lasted but three days, and were an excellent pattern of what such things may be in a place with the proper conformation and resources.

On the first day a general but informal social reception, a visit in carriages to all the monuments and art-treasures of Padua, and a ball; on the second day the great commemorative solemnity in the "Aula Magna" of the University, a banquet, and a gala representation at the opera; on the third day a procession on foot through the city to lay wreaths and make speeches at Galileo's statue; and finally another banquet. Besides this, there were shooting and sword-play by the students, and elaborate ceremonies under their direction in the noble and enormous "Salone," or great civic hall. As if by enchantment, Padua had thrown off the mask of sleepiness and decay; the streets were filled with barouches with liveried servants—where they sprang from I don't know, but I now know that Padua has more millionaires for her population than any town in Italy—put at the disposition of the guests. Windows were draped and festooned, hotels were swarming, streets were illuminated—in short, the real life was revealed. The two dinners in particular were an instructive surprise. One was for 125, the other for 160, guests; and if any public dinner as large was ever more charmingly and successfully served in any American city, however big and proud of its powers of display, I should like to have proof of the fact. Neither dinner lasted more than two hours and a half; and the speeches at the end, marvellous to relate, averaged only three minutes long! The impatient Italian audience began to stir and grow inattentive the moment an orator transgressed. Twice we were received in opulent clubhouses, the inner decoration of one of which, in the classic style of the beginning of the century, was memorable for purity of design and harmony of tone. The opera, an immense theatre, was filled with a splendid audience of handsome men and women, bright-eyed with excitement, all in full evening dress, who had the pleasure, at the end, of seeing *Hamlet* kill the wicked king.

But the principal event was, of course, the commemorative service in the University's great hall. Imagine a lofty room, nearly a hundred and twenty feet square, with a heavi-

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ly panelled ceiling golden-brown in tone, lit by high windows on a single side, and filled to its last inch with sitting and standing human beings. The walls, of a glowing bronze-colored groundwork, are almost covered with the armorial 'scutcheons which students for generation upon generation have left there to perpetuate their memory. Most of these 'scutcheons are small and uniform in size, and arranged with regularity so as to form a sort of coat of mail for the mural surface which they cover. At irregular intervals this monotony is broken by larger armorial devices and by gaps. The tone of the walls, thus bedecked, is indescribably rich and splendid, as the light pours over them, catching the edge of the countless gilded bosses and scrolls, and mingling the bright heraldic colors into a deeper bloom. The same light, streaming through the windows, makes the very air of the room visible as a faint bluish vapor floating over the heads of the multitude; which heads, in turn (as one surveys their number), mass themselves into a monotonously patterned background, against which single groups and files of individuals stand out, by the accident of their position, in bold relief. All the heads repeat, with every degree of softening by distance, the same decorative effect, of one side black in shadow and the other edged with ghostly white; for, whatever the individual human face may be, the aggregate tone of a "sea of human faces" is anything but what is known as "flesh-color." Round the high-canopied pulpit, against a wall at right angles to the windows, are ranged the Rector and Council of the University, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the professors of other universities, in all their diversity of academic costume. The rector, Professor Ferraris (most wonderful of men for instantaneously knowing what to do and how to do it, what to say and how to say it in half-a-dozen different tongues), makes his speech at the desk below the pulpit; Professor Favaro, a well-known Galileo specialist, ascends, delivers his long discourse upon that hero—a discourse so good that when he comes down to the floor again, his Paduan colleagues of the Council, in their gowns of black and ermine, and with their silver hair and moustaches, hug him to their bosoms and kiss him on both cheeks, while the audience roars its approval. Italian cheers, by the way, are real cheers, and not like the hideous staccato yelp which prevails at American universities. Then, after a few impressive words, in a deep bass voice and modest manner, from Signor Martini, the Minister, the delegates from foreign parts come up to the desk with the salutations of the bodies to which they belong. Their order has been decided by lot, and Great Britain is called first. Sir Thomas Fayrer, from the Royal Society, and Prof. George Darwin, from Cambridge, each in a splendid scarlet broadcloth robe, lay down their scrolls of parchment and utter brief speeches of greeting in the Italian tongue. They are much appreciated by the audience: "*Parla bene!*" "Pronunzia bene!" one hears murmured in tones not devoid of surprise. Then follow for an hour or more other delegates in every tongue and in every garb. But *the* orator of the occasion was Prof. Schmurlo of Dorpat in Russia. The type of the lonely and ungainly scholar in appearance, he nevertheless spoke a few phrases so ultra-Italian in the ingenious gracefulness of their turn that the audience went fairly wild with delight. Then honorary degrees were rapidly distributed, and the great concourse slowly worked its way out.

The main effect of such a festival is to make one feel that the differences between nations, which we commonly take so much account of, are very superficial. At bottom our sentiments, impulses, and ways of taking pleasure are the same. In particular are the great men of different countries made of one human stuff. In the rolls of the University of Padua for 1592 (published afresh, among other things, for this occasion), we find in the list of lecturers the following entry:

*Ad Mathematicam Exs. D. Gallileus de Galileis Florentinus noviter conductus* } *leget ad libitum hora 23.*

Nothing distinguishes outwardly this unobtrusive passage from the rest of the book, yet it announces no less a fact than the first teaching of modern science. Galileo's conceptions are now to our beliefs about nature what the heart is to our bodily life. Could either be annihilated, remediless collapse would result. The more natural is it, therefore, in reading in Galileo's works, to note how little of a foreigner the man seems. He has the same indescribable mixture of homeliness with his subtlety that make our own Locke, Faraday, and Darwin seem so little remote from our bosoms. Few of us realize, either, how recent his activity was, or what a mushroom growth is this stupendous scientific edifice of which we are so proud. Five successive human lives measure the whole span of it. Five men, Galileo being the first of them, who should each in old age impart the discoveries of his generation to a youth who, when grown old in turn, should do the same, would bring the whole history and tradition of natural science down to 1892. It is sometimes well to remember this when we hear people assuming that all the great scientific discoveries are already made, and that the future industry of the human race will be limited to filling in the canvas with detail.

W. J.

## MEMOIRS OF COUNT CHEVERNY.—II.

PARIS, December 23, 1892.

CHEVERNY gives curious details on the *convulsionnaires* who for a time were the great sensation of Paris. A certain Father La Barre directed these manifestations, which were witnessed by all the ladies of the court. Cheverny's account reminded me of some representations given by the Aissouas during one of the last Expositions. Cheverny saw a poor woman crucified by Father La Barre; he would see no more, "having," he says, "a great aversion to the sight of any pain."

He was beginning to be tired of his function, and bought the estate of Cheverny, as well as the office of "Lieutenant-General of Blaisois." On this occasion the King made him Count of Cheverny (his family name, as I have said, being Dufort). He began a new life, embellished his house, and made the acquaintance of all his neighbors, whom he describes with minute detail. His account of life in the châteaux of Orléanais in the eighteenth century has a real interest. Cheverny was very sociable; he was fond of theatrical representations, and entertained his neighbors constantly; he spent some time in Paris every year and kept up all his old acquaintances there.

He had remained greatly attached to the Duc de Choiseul, and, when the Duke was exiled at Chanteloup, he became one of his faithful visitors. The distance from Cheverny to Chanteloup is only ten leagues. Our Count was in Paris at the time of the death of Louis XV.; he had kept his *entrées*, and as soon as he heard of the King's illness he started for Versailles. Mme. du Barry had already been ordered to leave the castle by the Dauphin. The King was in the hands of the doctors. La Borde, his valet de chambre, was the only person to whom he spoke.

"La Borde told me that one morning the King called him with a firm voice, looked to see if they were quite alone, and said to him: 'And Mme. du Barry, where is she?' La Borde answered without hesitating: 'Sire, she went away this morning.' Then the King said: 'What! already!' La Borde saw two great tears roll down his cheeks, and then he sank on his bed, without speaking any more."

Speaking of the new King, Louis XVI., Cheverny says: "He was the best of men; afraid of the weight of his crown, he did not know in whom to confide, as he trusted none of the people who were around him. The King, with much nobility and elevation of mind, had only the tastes of a pretty woman." It was almost accidentally that the King chose Maurepas for his Prime Minister. "He became Prime Minister for the misfortune of France, as it was he who, by his carelessness, prepared the great events which destroyed this august monarchy."

In his visits to the capital Cheverny saw chiefly his friend Sedaine, to whom he was much attached and who made him acquainted with Dorat, Diderot, and others. This is his description of Diderot: "Diderot, fat and stout, full of fire, letting himself out with the greatest confidence in the world, discussing, even disputing, was not imposing, notwithstanding his reputation, because of his frank *bonhomie*. He was inexhaustible, and, as he liked conversation, was a dazzling firework. . . . He was the best man in the world." Cheverny was curious about everything and everybody. He would see Mesmer and his famous experiments, which he tried in vain to repeat at home. He was dying to know the famous Mme. du Barry, and one of his friends arranged an interview.

"She was living then at her fine house at Luciennes, which Louis XV. had given to her, and which Louis XVI. had left her in. It was freezing; she arrived in a carriage with six horses and entered the room with a noble ease. She was tall, extremely well made, and was a *jolie femme* in every way. After a quarter of an hour she was quite at ease with us. My wife was the only woman there; all the attentions of Madame du Barry were for her and for the master of the house, and she showed herself affable towards everybody. President Salabarry, Chevalier de Pontgibaud, and a few others were there. She kept the conversation going. She spoke first of Luciennes, and asked us to go there and dine with her. We accepted, but indefinitely. Her pretty face was a little heated; she told us she took a cold bath every day. She showed us that under a long pelisse she wore only a shirt and a thin *manteau de lit*; everything was of the greatest magnificence; I had never seen a finer *batiste*. The dinner was charming."

The Chevalier de Pontgibaud wore the cross of Cincinnatus. Mme. du Barry, seeing it, said that while she was at Versailles she had six footmen, the finest that could be found, but very undisciplined. She was obliged to dismiss one, who left for America at the beginning of the war. She gave him a purse well filled with gold. He came afterwards to see her and presented himself with the cross of Cincinnatus. "This story made everybody laugh, with the exception of the Chevalier de Pontgibaud."

When the first provincial assemblies were convoked, Cheverny was made a member of the Assembly of his province; afterwards came the elections to the States-General. In entering on this new period, so different from the first, he tells us:

"I witnessed the general breaking up of French society, the disappearance of a royal

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family worthy of the respect and devotion of all Frenchmen. I will retrace only what was personal to myself. Retired on my estate, I will . . . prove that, notwithstanding all human prudence, you can escape danger only through a Providence which directs and conducts events. I will show what privations were suffered by persons who could enjoy society, the fine arts, and the sciences; and who saw the century plunge into the most horrible barbarisms. In the whole course of my life I had tried to secure friends for my old age. The Revolution defeated all my calculations."

If anybody was ill prepared for the French Revolution, it was Cheverny, a wealthy, amiable, sociable man, kindly, full of common sense and good feeling, but without any general ideas, accustomed to the old social hierarchy. The part of the memoirs which relates to the troubled years of the Revolution is perhaps all the more interesting as it is purely anecdotical. We are rather tired of generalities on this subject; we have had also descriptions enough of the great men of that period—Danton, Robespierre, and others. In Cheverny, who lived chiefly in his province, we find also the meanest actors in the terrible drama. The accumulation of the small facts which you will meet with in the memoirs produces a little the effect on the mind which is made by Taine's chapters on the subject of the Revolution. In fact, Taine had the manuscript of the memoirs in his hands before they were printed. He found many documents in them, especially for that curious chapter which is headed "L'Anarchie spontanée." You see in it how an old and apparently well-organized country can in a few months fall back into a state of disorganization, just as a body full of life gives after death all its organs and molecules to the earth. The French Revolution was the most extraordinary commotion of this sort; if the country had been invaded by another race, as Great Britain was invaded by William the Conqueror, it could not have looked more different in 1793 or 1800 from what it was in 1780. New fortunes, new names sprang from the ruins of old fortunes and old names; new ideas, new formulas, new modes of thinking, entered the social as well as the political domain.

Cheverny, like so many others, became a sort of stranger in his own country. He was happier than many others: he lost his fortune, but he kept his head. His estate was sold in 1801 to Germain, a banker of Paris. It belongs now to the family of the Marquis de Vibraye. Dufort de Cheverny died at Blois the 28th of February, 1802, at the age of seventy-one years. He did not live long enough to see the Revolution crowned and consolidating all its political and social conquests in the person of Bonaparte. I have searched in his memoirs for the passages which relate to Bonaparte and his family. They are very curious. On the 10th of August, 1796, he writes: "The Directory have confided to Robbé de Lagrange Madame Bonaparte, *ci-devant* Beauharnais, to conduct her to her husband, who is with the Army of Italy." "Madame de Beauharnais," he writes in September, 1796, "was separated for ever from her husband by the guillotine. She was not long, people say, in captivating Barras, one of the five kings. Barras was intimately connected with Bonaparte, and wished to make his fortune. After a year of mourning he made her marry Bonaparte, notwithstanding their difference in age. Bonaparte was only twenty-seven and she nearly thirty-three years old." At Lyons, at Turin, Madame Bonaparte was received with the greatest honors. "The Queen could not have been better received: deputations, troops, a numerous court." "Bonaparte waited for Madame Bonaparte, and received her at the head of his staff. 'Madame,' said he, 'I am very sensible of the goodness you have shown in coming to me and making such a fatiguing journey. Ask now for whatever you please, and I will make it my duty to give it to you.' 'Sir,' said she, 'I ask that your hostages be set free.' [These hostages were Piedmontese gentlemen who guaranteed some conditions of a military arrangement made with the King of Piedmont.] Bonaparte at once gave the order." In August, 1798, Cheverny writes that Bonaparte frightens the Directory "by his head, his audacity, and his exploits"; that he was much neglected in Paris, where he played a more than secondary part. "Secretly jealous, despotic, with the dryest and most republican forms," the Government was making some project of an expedition so as to get rid of him. Bonaparte had had various plans of expeditions placed before him; he had studied them in all their details, and had chosen Egypt as his new field of battle. On the 1st of September, 1800, we read:

"Bonaparte, having happily placed himself at the head of the Government, has advanced the Revolution by more than fifty years. The cup of crime was full and running over. In a short time we shall know if we are destined to be tricolor or unicolor. Bonaparte did in twenty-four hours at Saint-Cloud what all the *émigrés*, the King, the Prince de Condé, could not have accomplished with 40,000 men. He cut off the 750 heads of the hydra and concentrated the power in his own head. . . . All is so changed at the moment I write, that it seems as if the revolutionary event must have taken place more than twenty years ago. . . . The First Consul is more King than ever was Louis XIV. . . . If Bonaparte is not stopped by unforeseen events, people will be able to say of him what Bussy-Rabutin said of Marshal Turenne: 'He can rise to such a degree of glory that the glory of others will not trouble him.'"

# Correspondence.

## THE SEAT OF POWER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Sherman Act of 1890, under which the United States Treasury is purchasing four millions of ounces of silver per month, seems likely to furnish a curious illustration of where the centre of power under our Government really lies. So far as my observation goes, there is not a single financier or man of business of any standing in the whole country who is not opposed to it in the most unqualified manner. There is a sort of vague talk that the South and West demand it, as they are said to demand free silver; but the man, outside of a certain circle, who stands up and defends it on its own merits may be said to be an unknown quantity. All Europe is looking on in amazement that we should persist in such not, perhaps, suicidal, but at any rate absurd and injurious, folly. It is perfectly evident what persons do wish for the continuance of the Silver Act. They are the group of silver-mine owners and the other private interests who wish to keep up the price of silver, ruling members of Congress more powerfully than do either their constituents or the mass of public opinion.

If the Sherman Act remains unrepealed during this session, will it not show conclusively that the real enemy to be encountered is not silver but the lobby, and—of which there is abundant other evidence—that the question which for the future overshadows all others is whether in this great democracy the Government is to express the will of the people or of the lobby?

In this connection it may be remarked that the chief source of information as to the condition of the national finances open to the public is the discussion in the newspapers as to the private conversations of Secretary Foster, whether in Washington or New York. Is not that a pretty business for the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States—to be running round Wall Street gossiping? And is a place where that is the only way of making his voice heard likely to command the services of great men? G. B.

Boston, December 30, 1892.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS GOVERNORSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 22, commenting on the Panama scandal, you say: "The non-payment of members [of the English House of Commons] is one of the chief defences" against such a state of things as exists in France to-day, and you might have added, as existed here in Crédit-Mobilier, Pacific Railroad, and "Burn this" times. If I understand you, the inference is that since members of the Commons are not paid, the natural selection is of men who have private means enough to put them above the temptation of a "slice of a good thing." This granted, why is it not a good plan to have the Governor of Massachusetts, by law, possessed of some private means? If good for the purity of English politics, why not good for Massachusetts?

One of the 68,045 who voted "No."

Framingham, Mass., December 30, 1892.

[The inference is not sound without making allowance for English aristocratic traditions and American democratic conditions. As we have before pointed out, the fathers who framed our Constitution were disposed to affix a property qualification to Senatorships. We cannot say how this would have worked, but, begun at that early day, it might have borne as good fruit in respect to incorruptibility as the English practice. In the course of time the Senate has become the goal of extremely rich men, who desire either the dignity of the place or the opportunity it affords of furthering their pecuniary interests; and their seats are substantially bought of their respective legislatures through the operation of the Machine. As a check, it would be useless to deprive them of their salaries; and it is not less futile, in our opinion, to exact a property qualification of a candidate for Governor, especially since by nominal transfers of real estate a law like that of Massachusetts can be so easily evaded.—Ed. Nation.]

## LIBERAL AMERICAN METHODISTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In commenting upon the case of Prof. Davison, who has seemed to some good people to be a dangerous heretic, you remark, apropos of the report of the Committee sustaining him: "Liberality like this would clearly be out of the question in any Methodist body in this

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country, and is sufficiently striking even for England."

Now, exactly what the elastic phrase "any Methodist body" may mean, I shall not undertake to say. But I venture to think that you underestimate the liberality of a large number of representative American Methodists. You may remember that Prof. Davison addressed the Methodist Œcumenical Conference in Washington with commendable freedom, and that he afterwards, by special request, gave an exposition of his views before the most representative Methodist college in the country. I venture to believe that Prof. Davison's views are shared by a rapidly increasing proportion of Methodists in this country, and that the liberality displayed by their English brethren will appear to them the most natural thing in the world.

Very truly yours, A METHODIST.

DECEMBER 30, 1892.

## TINTORETTO'S ST. MARK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent, "B. B.," writing in correction of the statement in one of my articles in the *Century*, says that "there is no such picture in S. Maria dei Angeli [at Murano] as the 'Finding of the Body of St. Mark,' described by Mr. Stillman. That canvas, forming part of a series with the ones now in the Royal Palace at Venice, has been, ever since the days of the Napoleonic kingdom of Italy, in Milan."

I have delayed replying to "B. B.," hoping to get to Venice to examine personally the matter ere this, but have been prevented from doing so. I have finally written to a Venetian friend, whose acquaintance with the works of art there is greatly superior to my own. My mistake was in confounding, from some cause which I cannot now trace, as I unfortunately did not preserve my notes and references, the works of Domenico Tintoretto with those of Jacopo. The picture alluded to is by the former. It is noted by Boschini as one of the series, executed in part by Jacopo and in part by Domenico, of the incidents of the transfer of the body of St. Mark to Venice and disposal at the church. It is called there "The Apparition of St. Mark in the Church of St. Mark," and, my friend writes me, is there at present writing. He continues:

"In the archives I found that on the 4th of January, 1818, were consigned to the Patriarch for the Seminary 27 pictures, among which—

Tintoretto, Apparitione di S. Marco (School of S. Mark.)
" L'Arrivo " "
" Sogno " "

(with three others by Tintoretto having no relation to S. Mark). Ridolfi ('Le Meraviglie') describes the pictures by Jacopo Tintoretto in the School of St. Mark. . . . None of these is at the Brera, none in the Royal Palace here."

The picture at the Brera, of which I have no recollection, has clearly nothing to do with those now (or at any time) at Murano, and the correction by "B. B." of my mistake in ascribing the picture of the younger to the elder Tintoretto gives place to a blunder much greater, unless my friend and myself are still more widely astray.

The finding of the body of St. Mark was the same subject as his apparition in the church, as the legend says that, the body having been enclosed for the greater secrecy in one of the pilasters of the church, the locality of it was forgotten, and long after was made known by a manifestation of the Saint in the church itself, indicating the spot in the pilaster where the body was deposited.—Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

FLORENCE, December 14, 1892.

## COUSIN AND NIECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The word *cousin* was still used as synonymous with *niece* in the slashes of Hanover County, Virginia, and within two miles of Jericho Mills, on the Carolina side of the North Anna River, when Hancock's Corps crossed on the march from Spottsylvania C. H. to the second Cold Harbor fight in 1864, by two first cousins *proper* of my father. I saw the slashes kinsman last in 1870, and he died, I think, a little short of 1880. The Jericho Mills kinsman I saw last in 1864; he died between that date and 1870. I am getting old myself, and a little behind time, even in reading the *Nation* of the 15th inst.; still, I do my best to give your Talladega correspondent a Roland for his Oliver. C. J. HARRIS.

LEXINGTON, VA., December 25, 1892.

# Notes.

HARPER & BROS. have nearly ready Bishop Hurst's 'Short History of the Christian Church,' and 'Katharine North,' a new novel by Maria Louise Pool.

Pierre Loti's 'Pêcheur d'Islande' has been adapted and annotated as an advanced text in French, and is on the point of being published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are about to issue an authorized version of Charles Wagner's 'La Jeunesse,' under the title 'Youth.' They have just brought out 'The Cloister and the Hearth' of Charles Reade in a handy four-volume edition, each volume adorned with three or four attractive photogravures of churches, portraits, and scenery. The typographical part has been well looked after, except in the matter of providing it with a fit quality of paper; and more thought and taste, too, might have gone into the manufacture of the binding. The 'Universal Atlas' of the same firm will be most prized for its series of maps of the several States of our Union, which have the scale of a single or double octavo page, with the advantage on the side of the smaller States. These exhibit the county boundaries and the railroads, and the county census of 1890. There are no indexes, but a statistical appendix gathers many details of the population, immigration, religion, rainfall, mortality, etc., of the United States and of some foreign countries.

G. P. Putnam's Sons send us the fourth series of their 'Best Reading,' a priced English and American bibliography for the five years ending December 1, 1891. The selection is of the more important works, and further discrimination is not attempted. This manual has a clear field of usefulness in the public library and in the household, and has been well maintained by the editor, Mr. Lynds E. Jones (since the first series).

Columbus, with portrait and Mr. Woodberry's sonnet to it, opens the bound volume xliv. of the *Century Magazine*; and the subject is caught up again in Mr. Van Brunt's articles on Architecture at the Columbian Exposition. To Mr. Woodberry also falls the task of saying the fitting word, in prose, about Shelley, whose centenary he has meanwhile honored in a lasting way. Besides these features we have the conclusion of the Cole-Stillman Old Masters. The chief serial stories have been the not too fortunate "Naulahka," the "Chatelaine of La Trinité," and "The Chosen Valley." Nor should mention be omitted of the portrait of Roswell Smith, and accompanying tributes from his colleagues of the Century Company and in philanthropic endeavor—a man with a Columbian largeness of mind, courage in straits, and tenacity of purpose.

The local color of the Pacific Coast from Alaska southward tinges the whole of volume xx. of the *Overland Monthly* (San Francisco), as does the use of "process" engraving in place of woodcuts. There are papers on yachting and on the fisheries, on logging and hunting and staging and mountaineering, on the University of California; with a spice of fiction, verse, book-reviewing, and an occasional political article.

The bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* for 1892 impress us anew with the high ideals and attainment of a juvenile periodical which some adults that we know of are not ashamed to be caught reading. Its reduction of mere frivolity to the minimum, and its admirable withstanding of passing fashions and crazes, combine with its always unobjectionable letter-press and excellent illustrations to make it a genuine parents' aid.

Mr. F. F. Murdock of the Bridgewater (Mass.) Normal School has lately issued an 'Outline of Geography' for the special use of his pupils. It consists of a series of outline chapters on forms of land and water, weather and climate, plants, animals, population, and so on, with frequent abbreviated references to various text-books, as if slightly expanded from lecture notes. The abstracts have proved of value to teachers, although the order of subjects is open to criticism. The absence of a table of contents makes the use of the book somewhat inconvenient. As is usual in the current methods of teaching, an explanation of processes is attempted in the chapters on meteorology, but it is omitted from the chapters on the forms of the land. The correction of this inconsistency will mark a decided advance in the study of geography.

A fourth number is lately issued in the series of picturesque Geographical Readers (Lee & Shepard), by Charles F. King of the Dearborn Grammar-school, Boston, well known to teachers as the author of 'Methods and Aids in Geography.' The little book deserves high praise as a successful effort to interest and instruct children in one of the more difficult studies in our common schools. Mr. King is an expert in his method of making geography a live subject, and his books carry much of his spirit with them. The present volume, 'The World We Live In,' part 2, fully maintains the freshness and variety of its predecessors; and its illustrations, mostly from photographs, are remarkably good, considering the size and price of the book. The whole series deserves extended use as readers at school and at home—but in a plain, not a rhetorical, way.

An immense amount of authentic technical information is embraced in the volume of 'Notes on the Year's Naval Progress (Information from Abroad),' just issued from the Office of Naval Intelligence of the Navy Department. The several sections deal with ships and torpedo boats, machinery, ordnance, naval administration and personnel, electricity, naval manœuvres of 1891, armor in 1892, and bibliography. An index is supplied, and there are maps, diagrams, and other illustrations in profusion.

Kentucky claimed its share of the centennial

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year, having been admitted to the Union on June 1, 1792. The Filson Club of Louisville could not be lacking in its duty, and its proceedings have been published in its generous style in a large quarto of 200 pages. President Durrett's address supplied the history of the State, and was worth being read as well as listened to. He shows that Chenoa might have been adopted from the Indians as the name of the colony, though it was passed by for Transylvania and afterwards for Kentucky (Iroquois *kentake*, prairie or meadow-land, and not the proverbial "dark and bloody ground," though "it is difficult to fix a time when the Indians were not hostile to the whites in Kentucky"—and let us say, *vice versa!*) On pp. 58 and 59 are ominous lists of the members of the Constitutional Convention who voted for and against striking out the pro-slavery clause—the six clergymen all in the minority. The vote of Richard Taylor, father of Zachary Taylor, was unrecorded.

Economic periodicals have so multiplied of recent years that it is impossible to extend an altogether cordial welcome to any addition to their number, but it is no more than just to say that the *Journal of Political Economy*, which makes its first appearance this month from the press of the University of Chicago, takes rank at once with the best of the existing reviews. The leading article, by the editor, Prof. Laughlin, is entitled "The Study of Political Economy in the United States," and recalls the notable article by Prof. Dunbar which appeared, we believe, in the first number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. Prof. Laughlin considers that a certain improvement has taken place in the tone of economic thought and discussion since that period, indicated, among other things, by the passing of the American Economic Association from the control of the Socialistic element. It must be said, however, that he does not express any very sanguine hopes as to the future of applied economics in this country, nor do we observe that he comments upon any achievements by American economists possessing marked originality. His article is therefore cautious and subdued in tone, but highly discriminating and judicious. An article upon the recent commercial policy of France contains much that is instructive, and another upon the price of wheat since 1867 appears to be exhaustive. There is a department of notes, containing, among other matter, a rather striking communication from Mr. Edward Atkinson, showing how he "braced up" President Grant to his veto of the Inflation Bill of 1874. The book-reviews show painstaking, but are rather mediocre. Among the appendices a table is given of the courses of study in political economy in nearly all the colleges and universities of this country. The *Journal* is to appear quarterly at $3 a year, and subscriptions may be sent to the University Press, University of Chicago.

One class of the community is in no danger of being neglected—we mean the mothers. No. 1 of *Motherhood*, a monthly magazine devoted to their interests, has just reached our table. It is published at 150 Nassau Street in this city.

*Petermann's Mitteilungen* for November contains an account of several explorations by German missionaries in the region to the north of Lake Nyassa, and a paper on the language of Schleswig, with maps showing the extent to which the Frisian language is spoken in the German Empire. There is also a brief sketch of the Danish expedition which passed last winter on the coast of East Greenland in latitude 70 degrees. The lowest temperature noted during the nine months from September, 1891, to May, 1892, was in March, when the thermometer fell to 50 degrees below zero, and the mean temperature for the month was 13 degrees below zero. Very singularly, the highest temperature, with the exception of some days in May, was in February. A supplemental number contains the scientific history of Dr. Nansen's Greenland expedition. The results of the astronomical and meteorological observations are given by Prof. Mohn, while Dr. Nansen treats of the topography of the east coast, and the extent, form, structure, movement, and thickness of the inland ice, the icebergs, and the Polar current. No especial observations were made of the Northern Lights, but they were seen nearly every clear night. "A crackling noise was never heard, and in no case was the light seen between the clouds and the observer."

In the December Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, it is announced that with the January number the title of this publication will be changed to the *Geographical Journal*. At the same time it will be increased a third in size, so as to cover more completely the whole field of geography. Both maps and illustrations will form a more prominent feature than in the past. The present number opens with a paper by Capt. Lugard on his African travels, differing but little from that published in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine*. In it he dwells upon the great possibilities of the Mau plateau, not far from the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, for European colonization. This consists mainly of well-watered grass lands, admirably adapted to stock-raising operations, and, though situated upon the equator, inasmuch as it is at an altitude of 7,000 or 8,000 feet it has cold winds and a bracing atmosphere. He also discusses the interesting problem of the water supply of Lake Victoria, the few small streams flowing into it being seemingly insufficient to supply the waste from the Somerset Nile, a deep broad river, and from the evaporation over a superficial area of some 27,000 square miles.

A series of annual reports on the climate of Belgium has been issued for some years by Mr. A. Lancaster of the Royal Observatory at Brussels. The latest number, dealing with 1891, gives an interesting résumé of the conditions which determined the peculiarly cold winter at the beginning of that year—namely, a persistence of high atmospheric pressure over northern and central Europe, allowing a local cooling of the land and causing a prevalence of easterly winds, which are for Belgium what the west winds of winter are for us. The close of the cold period was marked by the falling off of the high pressure and the entrance of mild westerly winds from the Atlantic.

Largely through the exertions of Prof. A. Penck of Vienna, the Geographical Congress held at Berne last summer recommended the preparation of a uniform map of the world, on a scale of 1:1,000,000, and appointed an international commission to formulate a plan of publication. The intention of this undertaking is to present the results of exploration and surveys from all available sources on a uniform scale and in a systematic manner. Although involving great expense, the map would be of peculiar value as a standard of reference and comparison for the coming century at least.

The two latest sheets in Dr. Vogel's Map of the German Empire (Gotha: Perthes; New York: Westermann) depict the Schwerin and Posen districts; the first forming part of Prussia's belt of small lakes, and the latter being adjacent to Poland, of which rather more is shown than of Prussia. From the same source comes a 'Pocket-Atlas of the Ancient World,' edited by the late Dr. A. van Kampen and by Dr. Max Schneider. In addition to the usual plates there is a reduced copy of the Tabula Peutingeriana of the thirteenth century, now preserved, minus the first of the twelve sheets, in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The rather fine lettering of some of these maps is atoned for by a copious index.

The pretty and sensible device of a fan calendar comes to us from Fr. Jac. Andres, Boston, and may be recommended for any lady's writing-table.

The Bibliographical Society held its preliminary meeting in London on July 15, 1892, and its members in November numbered 157, six only of them being Americans and one French. The names already enrolled are of sufficient reputation in the science of books to insure stability to the society, which is started none too soon for the credit of English and American bibliography. The main objects set forth are investigations by Committees on Early Printed Books, Current Literature, General Literature, Special Bibliographies, and Book Production and Publication. The annual fee is one guinea until a membership of 200 is reached, when an entrance fee of one guinea will be asked; twelve guineas constitute a life membership.

A well-informed correspondent writes to us that the two Washington letters printed in Mr. M. D. Conway's communication in our last issue were produced in *Notes and Queries* for June 1, 1878. Copies of them were at that time given to Gen. Grant.

—The growth of legends is well exemplified in the October number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* in Mr. John Ward Dean's account of the original "Gerrymander." He shows that the figure of the "political dragon" carved out of Essex County, Mass., in 1812, to insure a Democratic majority in the State Senate, has been attributed to Elkanah Tisdale, a miniature-painter of the time, and to Gilbert Stuart; while the notion that the "shoe-string" district (as they say in Mississippi) resembled a salamander is credited to a company at Col. Israel Thorndike's in Boston, to Washington Allston in the *Centinel* office, and to G. Stuart; and, finally, the name Gerrymander is said to have been proposed by a Mr. Alsop, Mr. James Ogilvie, and Maj. Benjamin Russell. This is certainly a wide field to choose from. Mr. Dean gives facsimiles of Nathan Hale's map of the county from the Boston *Weekly Messenger*, the winged gerrymander figure from the Boston *Gazette*, and a skeleton gerrymander *in articulo mortis* from the Salem *Gazette* of April 6, 1813. His brief bibliography of the subject does not include the article on the Hare system contributed by Mr. William R. Ware to the *American Law Review* some fifteen year ago. It is noticeable that, though Gov. Elbridge Gerry has acquired a proverbial notoriety as the author of the partisan device of manipulating districts, even this distinction has been awarded to Samuel Dana, the President of his Senate, and Joseph Story, Speaker of his House till just before the measure was introduced in both houses. Mr. Dean firmly insists on the hard *g* in gerrymander as in Gerry; and in the same number of the *Register* Mr. Henry F. Waters likewise protests against jerrymander, "as our English friends call it." The pedigrees of Elbridges and also incidentally of Gearinges, Geries, and Gerys, are illustrated in Mr. Waters's "Genealogical Gleanings," of which the chief interest, however, centres in his

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ample development of the John Harvard connection, and in his demonstration that there was a colony of families from Stratford-on-Avon settled in Southwark, so that "it is not at all improbable that Shakspere was a frequent visitor at the house of John Harvard's mother" in that dramatic quarter of London. He gives the wills of John Hall of Stratford and of his daughter, Elizabeth Barnard, who was Shakspere's granddaughter. A glimpse of Milton's connection is shown in the will of Francis Spencer. Rhode Island families rather seldom occur in the Gleanings, but there are several in this instalment.

—The last week of the year 1892 was a memorable one in the annals of educational benefactions. First came the announcement of a present of yet another $1,000,000 for the University of Chicago, then of a legacy of $185,000 for Dartmouth College from an almost forgotten alumnus, and, last but by no means least in educational value, a woman's gift of $306,977 for the Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University. This final donation of Miss Garrett caps appropriately the movement begun by a committee of women in the spring of 1890 for the endowment of a great post-graduate Medical School, open "on the same terms" to properly qualified men and women. It moreover raises the Medical School Fund to the minimum endowment ($500,000) named by the trustees as, in their judgment, necessary for the opening of a medical department of the University, and makes possible in February the announcement for October, 1893, of the terms of admission to, and courses in, a school which "will afford to the women and men of this country whose acquirements and training may enable them to enter upon its course of instruction, unsurpassed opportunities for the scientific study of medicine." The conditions attached to this latest contribution to the Johns Hopkins Medical Fund are mainly those of the original gift of $111,300 by the Women's Committee, and of the conditional offer of $100,000 mentioned in these columns on May 7, 1891. It is now, however, also agreed, first, that not more than $50,000 of the $500,000 endowment shall be put into a building or buildings, and that the chief building of the Medical School shall be known as the Women's Fund Memorial Building; second, that the school shall be exclusively "a graduate school," the donor being "entirely unwilling to contribute at any time to the maintenance of an undergraduate or partly undergraduate school"; third, that the terms of this gift, and the resolutions of October, 1890, in which the trustees accepted the Women's Medical School Fund, shall be printed each year in the calendars announcing the courses in the Medical School; and, finally, that there shall be a committee of six women (the members to hold office for life and to fill vacancies in their number), "to whom the women studying in the Medical School may apply for advice concerning lodging and other practical matters, and that all questions concerning the personal character of women applying for admission to the School, and all non-academic questions of discipline affecting the women medical students, shall be referred to this committee, and by them be in writing reported for action to the authorities of the University." This last proviso suggests the query whether women after all will be admitted on precisely the same terms as men, in view of the fact that the latter will hardly be asked to come before a tribunal other than the academic authorities.

—Mr. George W. Vanderbilt well deserved the ringing cheers with which the announcement of his princely gift to the American Fine Arts Society was received on Friday night at the dinner of the Architectural League. His original subscription of $5,000 to the Gift Fund of the Society would have been considered by most men a sufficient piece of generosity. Not content with that, however, he bought the lots at the back of the Society's property and built the large gallery upon them, giving the Society the option of buying it at any time for its cost price, plus interest and taxes. This amount is at present $100,000, and on Friday Mr. Vanderbilt completed the transaction by handing his check for that sum to the trustees of the Gift Fund, and with the money the Society has purchased the gallery. It thus becomes the absolute property of the Society by the best of all titles, that of cash purchase. It is only fitting that the gallery should be known for ever as the Vanderbilt Gallery, after its donor. Such discriminating munificence in the use of wealth is the best defence of property against Socialism. Few will be likely to begrudge his wealth to a man who knows so well how to use it, and none who know the work that the three societies composing the Fine Arts Society have been doing and are doing for art in this country, will envy them their splendid Christmas present.

—The annual general meeting of the Society of Authors in London is usually so uneventful and unimportant that it is scarce worth noting. But this year the fact that Mr. Besant resigned his Chairmanship and took advantage of the occasion to read a paper on the Society's career during its nine years' existence, gave the meeting unlooked-for interest. Naturally much regret has been expressed upon the retirement of Mr. Besant from the post he has held so long, but he considers it his duty, since outsiders, he thinks, have persisted in identifying him too closely with every action of the Society. He has always worked in its interest with such enthusiasm that it seems a hard thing to say that his resignation promises to prove a gain rather than a loss. Mr. Besant is nothing if not an optimistic sentimentalist, and unfortunately sentiment is not the soundest basis for a business organization. He looks upon literature as a sort of fairyland, in which he, as the good fairy, with a wave of his wand would make every book published an inexhaustible gold mine. There are to-day, he says, 200,000,000 English-speaking people; in fifty years there will be 400,000,000, all wanting to read, and, moreover, all wanting to read only good literature. The people, he declares, care only for what is good; for an example of the truth of this, look at the unprecedented (in England) success of the *Strand Magazine*. Now, this is a publication which has sent up its circulation chiefly by publishing portraits at all ages of the notorieties of the day, and articles on the Queen's dolls or pages from her journal written in her own royal Hindustani—the devices of the cheapest journalism. When a man seriously points to such a periodical as a proof of the people's literary instincts, there is absolutely nothing to be said. In the meantime, what Mr. Besant hopes may be brought about by the Society is (1) its enlargement to ten times its present numbers, as though there were not enough indifferent or worse writers already flooding the world with trash; (2) an institute or headquarters for authors; (3) a pension fund from which every one would receive a pension of right, not of charity; and (4) an Academy of Letters. Mr. Besant also had something to say about the Authors' Conference to be held in Chicago during the Exposition. It is his opinion that by it the future interests of English authors may be largely influenced. But Americans should realize that Mr. Besant, despite his boundless enthusiasm, can hardly be said to represent the most intelligent ideas and opinions of the English literary world; nor is Mrs. Walford, who seems to be accepted as an authority, a better qualified representative.

—"Bodley's librarian" can hardly feel a purer professional delight than in editing the facsimile reprints from "the very rarest and most interesting volumes, documents, and prints in the Bodleian library, Oxford." These reproductions are not for the rich, but are put within reach of the slenderest purse, ranging (so far) from sixpence to one shilling and sixpence apiece. Mr. Nicholson will gladly perpetuate the series not only so long as there is a moderate profit, but so long as both ends meet. He first published last year the unique copy of the 'Ars Moriendi,' printed about 1491 from Caxton's types, and either by that craftsman or his successor, Wynken de Worde; and the very rare two-leaved pamphlet describing the solemnities ordered at Rome in 1572, by Gregory XIII., on learning "the blessed news of the destruction of the Huguenot sect" in France by the St. Bartholomew massacre. This year he gives Caxton's brief advertisement (1477) of pyes, or rules for the concurrence and occurrence of festivals according to "Salisburi use"—from one of two copies of this earliest known English broadside; and Columbus's 'Epistola de insulis noviter repertis,' from Archbishop Laud's copy of Guyot Marchand's Paris edition of 1493. This last affords an instructive comparison with the more pictorial edition lately reproduced by the Lenox Library, both as to text and as to typography. Marchand's has a larger form and indulges more freely in abbreviations, and is compressed into half as many pages. It is the third emanating from this establishment in Mr. Eames's list in his introduction to the Lenox facsimile; and he mentions only two known copies—one at Göttingen; whereas the Bodleian has two, and Mr. Nicholson speaks of three others, unless he confounds the three Marchands. It remains to state that while Mr. Nicholson does not annotate his texts, his bibliographical introductions approach annotation; and that his most commendable series may be had of Bernard Quaritch, No. 15 Piccadilly, London.

—One of the most interesting literary *trouvailles* of 1892 was the discovery, by M. Octave Uzanne, of a hitherto completely unknown manuscript journal of the early years of Victor Hugo's exile, covering the period from 1852 to 1856. M. Uzanne came upon this journal among the stock of a seller of autographs in London, and published extracts from it, with some account of its curious history, under the title of 'Journal de l'exil de Victor Hugo.' This publication naturally made a good deal of stir in the newspapers and reviews, and everybody accepted M. Uzanne's theory that the handwriting of the manuscript was that of M. François-Victor Hugo, the poet's son, and that the annotations were by the poet himself. So the matter stood till December 6, when M. Auguste Vacquerie, Hugo's literary executor, came out with a brusque article in the *Rappel*, declaring that the manuscript was not Victor Hugo's, nor Victor Hugo's son's, and that not

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even the annotations were Hugo's. These statements prove to be exactly true, although they cannot be called entirely frank and candid, for M. Uzanne published in the *Rappel* of the next morning a letter in which he showed that the journal was the work of Mlle. Adèle Hugo, the poet's daughter, and that the annotations, if not by Victor Hugo, were by no less a person than M. Auguste Vacquerie himself, whose handwriting is with difficulty to be distinguished from that of the author of the 'Châtiments.' "The mistake that I made at first," M. Uzanne says, "is natural enough, if one remembers that Mlle. Adèle Hugo was only nineteen years old at the time when the journal was written. The conversations recorded in it treat for the most part subjects which are beyond the average intelligence of a girl. But, however that may be, the question is definitely settled; my conferences with MM. Vacquerie and Meurice leave no doubt that the 'Journal de l'exil' was put on paper by Mlle. Adèle Hugo."

## THE STANFORD DICTIONARY.

*The Stanford Dictionary of Anglicised Words and Phrases.* Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by C. A. M. Fennell, D.Litt. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

TEN years ago Mr. J. F. Stanford bequeathed to the University of Cambridge the sum of £5,000 to defray the expense of "producing a dictionary of Anglicised words and phrases," for which he had begun to gather material. The fruits of this legacy are now before us in the 800 attractively "open" pages of the 'Stanford Dictionary'—an exceedingly handsome volume, which shows that the Cambridge University Press is not disposed to lag behind its rival at Oxford in beauty of lexicographical printing. We have never seen a dictionary page that offered its contents more readily and pleasantly to the sweep of the eye.

The plan of the work, drawn up by a committee of eminent scholars—among them Prof. Skeat and Dr. Aldis Wright—was virtually determined by the nature of Mr. Stanford's collections. The vocabulary was to embrace: (*a*) "all words and phrases of non-European origin found in English literature, if borrowed directly from non-European languages"; (*b*) "all Latin and Greek words which retain their original forms, and all Latin and Greek phrases in use in English literature"; (*c*) "all words and phrases borrowed directly from modern European languages excepting French"; (*d*) "all words and phrases borrowed from the French which retain the French pronunciation"; (*e*) "all words borrowed from French, Latin, and Greek, since the introduction of printing, whether now altered or but imperfectly naturalized and now obsolete." Clearly no two persons, working with this scheme in mind, would select the same words and phrases from the same books. Criticism of the contents of the vocabulary, therefore, must be largely a matter of personal opinion, and, even when indubitably sound, is perhaps rather criticism of the plan, for which the editor, Dr. Fennell, is not responsible, than of the execution, for which he of course must answer. Still, if such criticism, in dealing with omissions, bases its judgment of what the editor meant to include on an observation of what he actually did include, it will probably be proceeding on reasonable grounds.

We may fairly inquire, then, why the dictionary admits into its pages *corpus Domini* but not *corpus Christi*, *in principio* but not *qui cum patre*, *docent* and *privat-docent* but not *ordinarius* or *ausserordentlicher*, *ver* and *hiems* but not *æstas* and *autumnus*, *vena cava* but not *vena porta*, *dirige* but not *threnos*, *ex converso* but not *ex obliquo*, *philautia* but not *philanthropia*, *Æolus* but not *Hippotades*, *ab intestato* but not *a notioribus*, *caput mortuum* but not *grossum caput*, *quo jure* but not *quæstio quid juris*, *Mus. Bac.* but not *Mus. Doc.*, *melius esse* but not *melior natura*, *senarius* but not *septenarius*, *comedy* but not *tragedy*, *Chanticleer* and *Bruin* and *Reynard*, but neither *Partlet* (*Pertelote*) nor *Tybalt* (*Tybert*), *extra modum* but not *extra metrum*, *portico* but not *parvis*, *dahlia* but not *tulippa*, *Judas* and *Sinon* but not *Ganelon*, *negatur* but not *nego argumentum*, *ignaro* but not *ignoto*, *fabliau* but not *lai*, *polysyndeton* but not *constructio ad sensum*, *par excellence* but not *paraventure*, *Saint Anthony* (for his *fire*) but neither *Saint Julian* (for his *hospitality*) nor *St. Vitus* (for his *dance*), *mutato nomine* but not *de te fabula*, *exegi monumentum ære perennius* but not *volito vivo per ora virum*. Many other examples of partiality might be given, but we must content ourselves with two: *Thais* is admitted to a vocabulary which excludes *Lucretia*, and *in nocte consilium* has to make room for *in vino veritas*.

Nevertheless, the 'Stanford Dictionary' contains a vast deal of material, and will surprisingly seldom disappoint consultation. The articles are of all lengths, of course, and all degrees of interest. The quotations, which give the book its chief value, are at times wonderfully abundant and to the point. The references are usually exact, but now and then one finds a bare "Gower, *Confessio Amantis*" (as if that poem were not 30,000 lines long!), or a citation of "Hudibras" by book, canto, and *page* (edition not named). Specimens of the dictionary at its best may be seen under *mufti*, *paternoster*, *periwig*, *seraglio*, *strappado*, *supernaculum*, *tea*, *tobacco*, *umbrella*; but there are many other articles as good. Indeed, one can spend an hour far less agreeably than in merely turning over the pages and reading the illustrative passages.

In the Middle-English period, however, Dr. Fennell and his assistants appear not to have been at home. At any rate, Chaucer cannot have been among the "several hundred carefully selected works read for the purpose of collecting the literary materials upon which the best part of the work is based." This accounts not only for the loose way in which he is sometimes cited (after Richardson, indebtedness to whom is duly acknowledged), but for his not being cited at all in many pertinent places. Some slight acquaintance with his writings would have afforded earlier quotations than 1667 for *Jove*, 1588 for *Hymenæus*, 1618 for *Penelope*, 1573 for *Mercury*, 1590 for *Janus*, and so on. Among the many articles that a reading of Chaucer would have improved, we may mention *aloe*, *Argus*, *Ariete* (no quotation), *asinus ad lyram*, *causa causans*, *Clio*, *comedy*, *demoiselle*, *Elysian*, *Erinnys*, *faun*, *Helicon*, *ignotum per ignotius*, *Ixion*, *Juno*, *Jupiter*, *Lachesis* (no quotation), *l'envoi*, *Manes*, *palais*, *palladium*, *Pallas*, *Parcæ*, *Phaeton*, *Pluto*, *prima facie*, *primum mobile*, *Procne* (no quotation), *Sinon*, *Styx*, *Titan*, *Trojan*, *vulture*.

"Anglo-Indian" words are of course well looked after. "American" words, however, are not handled with the same discrimination. The local *sabe*, in the sense of 'knowledge,' 'capacity,' is gravely tagged "U. S. Eng.," as if its use were national. *Corral* is poorly defined, but excellently illustrated by quotations. *Peon* is wrongly restricted to the meaning 'a laborer or a serf bound to work for a creditor in Spanish America' (if we understand the definition). The suggestion of a native etymology for *bayou* is not very happy. The use of *alcalde* for 'justice of the peace' deserved notice. There is some confusion under *adobe*, but this may be due merely to a want of *netteté* in defining, a fault rather common in the book. The description of a *ranche* as 'a small farm or cattle run' will cause some amusement in this country.

In etymological matters the editor was bound by the decree of the syndics of the University Press, who "decided to confine the etymology in the main to the indication of the language from which a word or phrase has been borrowed and of its native form and meaning, unless there was some *fresh* light to be thrown upon the derivation." But even within these narrow limits he has had some difficult questions to settle, and his decisions are not always beyond appeal. It is perhaps with regard to the relations of English to Latin and Greek and French that Dr. Fennell betrays least sureness of judgment. His treatment of *gymnosophist* will serve as an example. *Gymnosophist* is derived by Dr. Fennell not directly from the Greek, but from the "Old French *gymnosophiste*." This form of statement is doubly, if not trebly, erroneous. First, *gymnosophiste* is not *Old* French in any proper sense of the term. Secondly, if it were, the English word, which does not occur till the sixteenth century, would, if from the French at all, be from modern French, since sixteenth-century French is not Old French. Thirdly, the English writer who first used *gymnosophist* is much more likely to have taken it directly from the Greek than from a modern language; indeed, he may well have been unaware that it existed in French at all. Similarly, *Jeremiad* is much more likely to have been made up directly from *Jeremiah*, on the analogy of other similar formations, than to have been adapted from *jérémiade*. The dictionary contains many other examples of uncritical etymologizing in this particular. Such words as *extirpation*, *premonition*, *remuneration*, *renovation*, *repercussion*, *retribution*, might no doubt have been simply appropriated from the corresponding French forms, but many of them may more reasonably be explained as transferences from the Latin, accommodated to the model already long established for such words in English. That this model was determined by older borrowings that *were* from the French is, of course, not here to the purpose. Dr. Fennell is too fond of the simple formula "from the French when a corresponding French word exists." The only sound formula is far more complicated, for it must take into account a complex condition of things. Was the English author who first used the word more exposed to French or to Latin influence? Was he given to Latinizing or to Gallicizing? Was the word actually in use in French as early as in English? These are some of the questions that the scientific etymologist must ask himself and that Dr. Fennell is too apt to ignore. Similarly, Dr. Fennell shows an inclination to refer to Anglo-French some words whose first appearance in English was long subsequent to the end of the period of Anglo-French influence. In short, he has clearly in mind neither the chronology nor the multifariousness of the

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workings of French upon our language. His looseness in this regard is in striking contrast with the admirable work done by Prof. Sheldon in the new Webster—work of which no feature is more noteworthy than the sure but cautious touch with which the very categories in question are handled. Doubtless the 'Stanford Dictionary' was partly in type when the new Webster appeared (1890), but even then a study of Prof. Sheldon's etymologies would have set Dr. Fennell right in many instances, and would have been of great advantage to at least one paragraph of his Introduction. The niceness of the distinctions involved should not blind us to their historical significance and scientific moment.

The redaction of so miscellaneous a body of articles as those composing the 'Stanford Dictionary' called for wide and accurate scholarship and uncommon sobriety of judgment. In general, the editor has performed his difficult task remarkably well, but there are occasional inequalities. *Hiccius Doctius* is not well defined by "pretentious humbug," but the quotations supplement the definition. *Benedicite* is sometimes written *bendiste(e)* in MSS. of Chaucer, so that the hedging "as if" is superfluous. For *veronica* the definition, "a piece of cloth on which the face of Christ is represented," is hardly satisfactory, and one would have liked a reference to Grimm. *Lucus a non lucendo* is not so often used "to represent an absurd derivation" as to ticket a misnomer. Under *salva reverentia, sir-reverence* should perhaps be mentioned, since room is found for *save-reverence*. *Manito(u)* is put off with a single quotation (from Robertson). *Rethor*, in the line of Chaucer given, does not mean 'an orator' but 'a rhetorician,' or 'eloquent writer.' Under *Valhalla* no mention is made of the Icelandic form. *Fedant* may be from French *pédant*, but surely *pedante* is Italian, as Bacon might have taught the editor. *À corps perdu* is not "*literally* 'at all hazards'" as literalness is commonly understood. The short article, "*a futura memoria*, Italian 'for future evidence.' Of witnesses in the Antonelli suit," raises more questions than it answers; nor is the inquirer much helped in understanding "flounces plaited *à coup de vent*" by the gloss "as if in a gale." Amusing for its English is the remark that *à la lanterne* was used "of the early executions perpetrated by the mob in the French Revolution, when the victims were hanged on the chains which went across the street to hold a lamp in the middle." In the case of words and phrases like *Erdgeist, Ewig-weibliche* (translated by "ever-feminine"), *panem et circenses, delenda est Carthago*, a reference to their source would be quite as welcome to the searcher as instances of their subsequent use in literature. It seems odd, under *philosophia prima*, to find no reference to the 'Advancement of Learning,' and no quotation earlier than 1829. No account of the origin of *pour encourager les autres* is given, the earliest reference being to Wellington's allusive employment of the phrase in an 1804 despatch. *Litt. D.* and *LL.D.* are each defined as "the title of one of the higher degrees of Cambridge University," as if these distinctions were never conferred elsewhere. A really inexcusable blunder is that of calling the Younger Edda "a later prose version" of the poems of the Elder Edda. One is not so much surprised at meeting once more the obsolete "great-grandmother" translation of the word. For *Anglomania* Dr. Fennell gives no quotation later than 1825; for *Zeitgeist*, no quotation at all. If this indicates that he has no acquaintance with the American variety of the former, and that the latter has never haunted his literary walks, we are inclined rather to congratulate him on his escapes than to find fault with his omissions.

In a few instances the use of modernized editions has led the lexicographer astray. The French *œillade*, we are told, was "Anglicized as *e(y)liad, œiliad, iliad.*" In the quotation from "King Lear" immediately after, *œillades* is printed, though the quartos and folios have *aliads, eliads, iliads*. Again, *Cyprus* is said to be "a mistaken spelling for an English word *cipress(e), cypres(s), sypres* of unknown origin," and Milton is quoted as authority for the mistaken form. In Milton's own edition, however, the line in question reads "sable stole of *Cipres* lawn," not *Cyprus*.

Occasionally the Dictionary is didactic, or at least magisterial, in a way to remind us of the father of English lexicographers. *Gradus ad Parnassum* is the "title of a work intended to help English-speaking students to produce Latin verses, but not regarded with favor by competent teachers and critics." *Fater* is "used colloquially by persons who think *papa* vulgar and *father* too homely." *Ramoneur* is "adopted as a trade designation by some high-souled English chimney-sweeps."

We have consumed most of our space in calling attention to the weak points of the 'Stanford Dictionary'; but it will be observed that we have brought out at least one of its strong points in the process—and that is, the astonishingly varied interest of its contents. The defects to which we have adverted are mostly of slight account. As a whole, the Dictionary is an excellent book—a book to be thankful for, to buy, and to use. It enters into competition with no other lexical work in the language, but is an indispensable supplement to them all.

## RECENT NOVELS.

*Don Orsino.* By F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan.

*God's Fool.* By Maarten Maartens. Appletons.

*The Story of a Child.* By Margaret Deland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*Under Pressure.* By the Marchesa Theodoli. Macmillan.

*The Reputation of George Saxon*, and Other Stories. By Morley Roberts. Cassell & Co.

MR. CRAWFORD, in his latest novel, returns to Rome and to the families whom he has already made known to his readers, the Saracinesca and their kindred. They are met now in new surroundings, although still in Rome. Sant' Ilario and his wife are here, but are middle-aged folk, and their son, Don Orsino, is the hero. Rome has undergone radical changes, for the year 1870 has intervened, and the *Zeitgeist* has occupied and is rebuilding the city. Rome, which never was ashamed to beg, is now given over to digging as well, and Don Orsino wields, instead of the stealthy rapier, the pen of the man of affairs. Old Rome is gone, and the Older Romans, about to go, sit aghast that their younger blood can stoop to an interest in real-estate speculations. Don Orsino, reared on traditions, the child of romance, in becoming an ardent business man, becomes the link which the young ever is between old and new. The author's even-flowing skill gives us a unique impression of Rome in the hour following the change—Rome of the Romans and not of the foreigner; of the Jubilee and not of the Carnival; of the speculator and not of the priest. It was a scheme worthy of so consummate a designer as Mr. Crawford to make this external disintegrating and rebuilding process accompany his remarkable analysis of the changes that development brings about in humanity. The brain of man has altered very little since man first was, says Science; but his heart has undergone complicated changes, says Mr. Crawford, whose recent tendency has been to portray this transformed organ. He is evidently a disbeliever in the heart of the twelfth century at present—in the romantic passions bred of melancholy in pre-social days; he will have no more of the man who sees and loves and kills or dies. Nor is his alternative any such hackneyed creation as an Osric of the emotions, without depth, or a poly-affectioned Lothario. His Orsino is a man of utmost seriousness and even of concentration. He loves a beautiful woman tenderly and undividedly. She is (temporarily) the queen of his dreams and the sweet companion of his daily shopping expeditions; he lives upon her sympathy; he loves her alike with hot heart and cool head. And what disturbs this happy passion, returned in full measure? Neither death nor jealousy; simply a little jarring inopportunity, an ill-timed absence, a business engagement, a delayed journey—and the matter is over. There is little tearing of hair, no breaking of vows; the tragedy comes solely from the incapacity of Don Orsino's heart to hold an overmastering passion, an incapacity for which no one can blame him, least of all Maria Consuelo.

With her the case is different. Mr. Crawford does not, as yet, pretend that woman's heart has progressed since the twelfth century: he causes this one to act like an old-fashioned heroine, she even going to the length of marrying a pasty-faced speculator to keep him from ruining Don Orsino. Ours has been spoken of as an age

> "When folk have grown too clever to believe,
> And Evolution has disposed of Eve."

There is obviously, however, much more to be done in the direction of Eve, if Mr. Crawford is right as to his Adam, before men and women can meet on any comfortable terms. The process has begun, but let the women be advised to plunge still further into business careers, and to steep themselves in the concerns of the commercial, the scholastic, the philanthropic world; in time they will become incapable of any but fleeting sentiment in affairs of the heart. A type of useful, reasonable woman will arise, and the age of emotional comfortableness will have dawned. We shall read of the Maria Consuelos in romance as we now read of the ladies who had nothing to do but wear their knights' colors at tournaments, and pine for them while they were at the wars; it will be the common experience to get through life without having been, as Mr. Crawford puts it, "more than comfortably in love—and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We know of no other who is making just the contribution to the art of fiction that this writer is, in the analysis of modern feelings or the impossibility of them; his is a real study in realism among many casualties which bear that much-abused name. In the power of presenting the atmosphere of places and the personality of his characters without triviality of detail Mr. Crawford is preëminent. His wit is abundant and always kept gracious by spontaneity. His style is marked by freedom and a masterly common sense, and is refreshingly free from mannerism. We have, in short, but

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one quarrel with him, which is that his superabundant skill in writing leads him too easily into side-paths of criticism and comment, as if from sheer bravado of expression. The little essays into which he is thus betrayed, though compact and admirable in themselves, become diffuse and impeding where they are placed.

'God's Fool,' like 'Don Orsino,' is largely concerned with the snares and perils of the business world and the ghastly depths into which speculation may hurl the speculator. Mr. Maartens, however, does not treat the subject as an episode, but makes it the whole flaming reason of his book. He arraigns the world and his readers with all the wit and causticity of which his witty and caustic pen is capable, and convicts them of money-worship and consequent degradation. His Vanity Fair is unredeemed by any gleam of disinterestedness except among the unintelligent. The rich, it seems, cannot inherit the earth and virtue besides. In the person of 'God's Fool' we have a study (more valuable morally than psychologically, we suspect) of the attitude of unperverted Christianity towards its fellow-men. The fool, made deaf and blind by an injury received in his childhood, his mental development arrested, himself walled out from the world except from the patient few who learn to communicate with him, grows to manhood with no conventional ideas on any subject. His faithful nurse teaches him to be kind to the unfortunate, and benevolence becomes a passion with him. He learns the story of Christ and brings into a mercenary community an inconveniently primitive Christian practice. Having inherited an enormous fortune, he is a person of great importance to his family, whose temptations to use his money, lawfully and otherwise, are worked out into a story of well-sustained and absorbing interest. The incidental sketches of a sordid, loveless, money-besotted society are supremely clever. They are localized in a Dutch town, but are meant for no less wide application than wherever in the whole round world money is made and lost and hearts hardened by the process. Mr. Maartens's wit dazzles on every page; his scathing satire burns; his cynicism appalls; yet his wit is defaced by a curious addiction to puns, his satire is weakened by being too universally directed and by wearing always the militant air of one opposed, and his cynicism is maintained by too free use of the personal note, the confidential style—or, in view of the unflattering tone adopted towards his readers, one might call it, in college phrase, a style of parietal admonition. These, however, are but surface blemishes in a highly striking work by an original writer.

'The Story of a Child' is written in a gratifying vein of reaction from certain earlier books of Mrs. Deland's dedicated to the solving of unnatural moral puzzles. Not alone to these is little Ellen Dale a happy foil, but to many latter-day writings from other pens, in which a preposterous race of nondescripts passes for real children. No one can read of this child and not be touched to the inmost consciousness by the living, breathing reality of the little maid. Her head is half in the clouds, half upon the affairs of her elders; her warm little heart is full, not of schemes of reforming her grandmother or of elevating the masses, but of childish play and the reproduction in her games of the delightful fairies, princesses, or martyrs of her reading; yet so alloyed is she with human frailty that she is constantly planning her own martyrdom to punish those cruel grown people who thwart her, then forgetting her grievances or drowning them in "complaining to her Maker," in order to "balance her naughtiness by a little extra religion." She dreams of sacrifice and forgets to dust her room; she dwells with the delicious unction of a child's imagination upon nursing Betsy Thomas through the smallpox, and upon hovering, in consequence, between life and a saintly death; but decides, finally, to recover to unscarred beauty and the confusion of her enemies. She is, in a word, a very real, naturally naughty and naturally dear child, who will never be compared with Robert Elsmere, but who, we think, does Mrs. Deland more literary credit than John Ward.

'Under Pressure' is dedicated to Mr. Marion Crawford, and has certain points of interest in common with that gentleman's latest novel. It is a description of the "customs, prejudices, and virtues" of the most exclusive and aristocratic portion of Roman society, the time being that most bitter period for old Rome—the early days of United Italy. As in 'Don Orsino,' we have the patrician families with their horrified shrinking from the new and the revolutionary, which, nevertheless, being in the air, sift into their drawing-rooms and rudely dispose of their conservative schemes. The picture given of a Roman domestic interior is exceedingly interesting, with an interest in which melancholy plays a large part. The restricted lives here portrayed, dark with the shadow of ecclesiasticism, even darker with the bondage of caste, have little that is cheerful or inspiring. It is a relief when Love and Revolution enter the house together, and march to an end which we will not dull the edge of interest by revealing. The story, a few theatrical episodes excepted, is well contrived and well told; the book is worth reading, both as a story and as a chronicle of home life and manners in noble Roman circles, from an interior point of view not often employed.

Having had occasion cordially to disparage an earlier volume of Morley Roberts, we take pleasure in finding that he has mended his ways and furnished his readers with a new leaf to turn. In his present collection of stories there is not one which does not show invention at least, and there are several which were worth inventing. The opening one belongs to the least well-developed number, although founded on a good subject, that of a man, ambitious of literary fame, who buys manuscript and publishes it in his own name. "Sam Jackson's Snake" should have been omitted, but "The Troubles of Johann Eckert," a German trader caught in a terrible predicament in the South African desert, is a strong and good story, well told. So is "Exlex," the sequel to the incident related by Motley, of the condemned Dutch murderer who was given his freedom on condition of his serving as executioner to a Spaniard, with permission to kill any one who should thereafter taunt him with the execrated name of hangman. "The Captain's Wife," a sea story, is also a striking tale of horror. The author, in an evident desire to avoid the prolixity of explanation, too often slaps the reader's face with his climaxes, with the effect of being both rude and crude. He chooses his subjects ingeniously, and, when he unfolds them at his best, he deserves to be enrolled among the successful story-writers of the period.

## MACAULAY AND WATER.

*Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution, 1660–1690.* By William Connor Sydney. Macmillan & Co. 1892.

For an unscrupulous book-maker, with an infinite belief in the gullibility of the public, there is no difficulty in putting together a volume on 'Social Life in England, 1660–1690.' He has only to go to some good library, lay open before him Macaulay's third chapter, and order out the books to which Macaulay refers. He will look up Macaulay's references, copy in full a number of more or less interesting quotations, and string them together by a few remarks of his own. It will be safer for him, perhaps, to shuffle up the material, so that it should not come in quite the same order as in the chapter he is following; and he will be wise to refer occasionally to Macaulay as a brilliant writer with whom he is sorry to say he cannot altogether agree. But these precautions will probably be sufficient. The general public no longer reads its Macaulay; and it will doubtless take the writer at his word if he assures it that "the marshalling of all the materials" has been "no easy task," and that he has "sought those materials in many recondite sources" (Sydney, p. 195).

This is what Mr. Sydney has done with unfaltering impudence. It needs but a glance at Macaulay's chapter, and especially at his footnotes, and then at Mr. Sydney's book, to discover this. But that there should be no doubt, Providence has allowed Mr. Sydney occasionally to become drowsy; and then, instead of dishing up Macaulay's ingredients anew, he paraphrases Macaulay's text. A few examples will more than suffice, and we will italicise some of the embellishments:

| MACAULAY. | SYDNEY. |
|---|---|
| When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich, he was greeted like a King returning to his capital. The bells of the Cathedral and of Saint Peter Mancroft were rung, the guns of the castle were fired, and the Mayor and Aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow-citizen with complimentary addresses. | Whenever the earl and his suite returned from their sojourn in the capital, the citizens accorded them a welcome similar only to that of a monarch returning from victory. The custom was that the Mayor and corporation should go forth to meet him at St. Stephen's gate, that all the bells of the various parish churches should *chime forth merry peals, that the castle artillery should be discharged*, and that the whole court should attend upon him in order, within one hour of the time that he entered his abode. |
| In the seventeenth century England abounded with excellent inns of every rank. The traveller sometimes, in a small village, lighted on a public house such as Walton has described, where the brick floor was swept clean, where the walls were stuck round with ballads, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and where a blazing fire, a cup of good ale, and a dish of trouts fresh from the neighboring brook were to be procured at small charge. | In the Restoration era the secluded rural alehouse and the picturesque *hostel* were constantly to be found, many of them corresponding to those which the amiable Isaac Walton discovered *on his numerous piscatorial excursions* through England, with the cleanly swept bricked floor, with the ancient ballads stuck upon the walls, with the linen fragrant with the scent of lavender, with the open fire, the snowy curtains, and *every material detail savoring of comfort and repose.* |

The next passage illustrates the trick of transposition. It comes in an account of the Post:

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|---|---|
| (1.) The porters complained that their interests were attacked, and | It is not surprising, in the least degree, to find that the great and de- |

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tore down the placards on which the scheme was announced to the public. . . . (2.) A cry was . . . raised that the penny-post was a Popish contrivance. The great Doctor Oates, it was affirmed, had hinted a suspicion that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the scheme, and that the bags, if examined, would be found full of treason. The utility of the enterprise was, however, so great and obvious that all opposition proved fruitless. (3.) As soon as it became clear that the speculation would become lucrative, the Duke of York complained of it as an infraction of his monopoly.

cided success of the post . . . became an eyesore in the eyes of some, or that (3) when it was fully known that the speculation was proving advantageous to its originator, the Duke of York should have complained that the monopoly which he had so long enjoyed was being infringed. . . . (2.) The system was loudly denounced by the Protestants as *a contrivance on the part of notorious Papists to facilitate the communication of their plots of rebellion* one to another. The infamous Titus Oates assured the public that he was *convinced of the complicity* of the Jesuits in the scheme, and that *undeniable evidence* of it would certainly be found by searching the bags. (1.) The city porters were loud in their complaints that their interests were being ignored, and long continued to tear down every placard within their reach which *announced to the public the establishment of the innovation* on what they deemed their rights.

But similarities such as these might be only the unfortunate consequences of a too retentive memory. It is instructive, therefore, to examine the manufacture of some of Mr. Sydney's sections. Take that on Roads. Macaulay mentions Ralph Thoresby, and gives a brief account of his experiences. Mr. Sydney thereupon looks out the reference and gives us three verbatim quotations. Two lines follow in Macaulay about Derbyshire; Mr. Sydney again looks up the reference, and gives us three pages of quotation. And then, tired of his researches, Mr. Sydney falls back on paraphrase:

| MACAULAY. | SYDNEY. |
|---|---|
| The great route through Wales to Holyhead was in such a state that, in 1685, a viceroy, going to Ireland, was five hours in travelling fourteen miles, from Saint Asaph to Conway. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to walk great part of the way; and his lady was carried on a litter. His coach was with much difficulty, and by the help of many hands, brought after him entire. In general, carriages were taken to pieces at Conway, and borne on the shoulders of stout Welsh peasants to the Menai Straits. | So rough was the state of the road through *the Principality* to Holyhead in the month of December, 1685, that a viceroy, *in proceeding from London with his suite to Dublin, consumed five hours* in travelling from St. Asaph to Conway, a distance of fourteen miles. Between Conway and Beaumaris he was forced to ride on horseback the greater part of the way, while his *spouse* was carried in a litter. With the greatest difficulty, and the assistance of many hands, their "great heavy coach" was carried after them entire. It appears that it was then customary for all carriages to be taken to pieces at Conway, and *the component parts* to be borne on the broad shoulders of sturdy Welsh peasantry to *the shores of* the Menai Straits. |

If the student of Mr. Sydney's method of composition is not yet satisfied, let him look at Macaulay's account of highwaymen, and notice how, upon his mention of Nevison, Mr. Sydney takes occasion to pad to the extent of two pages and a half, and then replaces Macaulay's abstract of Duval's exploits with other two pages and a half taken from the authorities Macaulay refers to. It must be confessed, however, that the Sydneian-Macaulayese is usually better English than the pure Sydneian. It is when Mr. Sydney tries an independent flight that he talks of "the civil dudgeon which, like some giant earthquake, had shaken society to its very foundations," or speaks of ladies who were "utterly ignorant of the calligraphic art."

Yet, when he *is following* Macaulay, Mr. Sydney displays a certain timidity. It is in the use of more "recondite" authorities that he feels himself at his ease. Such a "recondite" authority he doubtless considers Chappell's 'Popular Music'; and the consequences may be gathered from a few comparisons:

| CHAPPELL. | SYDNEY. |
|---|---|
| M. Jorevin de Rocheford, who printed his travels in England at Paris in 1672, says: "The Harp was then the most esteemed of musical instruments by the English." He made this observation at Worcester, where an English gentleman, who had kindly acted as interpreter for him, supped with him at the inn, and "sent for a band of music, consisting of all sorts of instruments." | M. Jorevin, who visited England early in the reign of Charles II., says that the harp was then the most esteemed of all musical instruments among the English people. He made this discovery at Worcester, where an English gentleman who had kindly acted as interpreter for him supped with him at the inn, and ordered a band of music, which consisted of all sorts of instruments. |
| Evelyn tells us that when Sir Samuel Morland was blind "he buried £200 worth of music-books six feet under ground, being, as he said, love songs and vanity." This was a considerable sum for an amateur to spend on books of vocal music only; and as he continued to play "psalms and religious hymns on the theorbo," it may be presumed that what was interred formed but a part of his vocal library. | Evelyn mentions that when Sir Samuel Morland became blind he "buried £200 worth," etc. This was certainly a very considerable sum for an amateur to have spent on books of only a musical value, and, as he continued to play "psalms," etc., it is reasonable to infer that what he buried formed only a portion of his musical library. |

It cannot be necessary to multiply quotations. We have already given too large a space to a worthless book; but we have done so because it is only an example of a too numerous class—the class of shoddy literature which works up again for idle and ignorant readers what has already been incomparably better done by great writers. Yet we should hardly have taken the trouble to expose this trash did it not bear the imprint of Messrs. Macmillan. Their name has hitherto been a guarantee for some sort of worthy quality in the works they publish. But this is a book which it is a discredit for a publisher of high repute to have had anything to do with.

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*Extinct Monsters.* By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, F.G.S. D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work is an admirable account of some of the larger forms of ancient animal life. The rather sensational title led us to anticipate that it might prove to be an addition to the series (much too numerous already) of semi-scientific works written by authors who modestly tell us in the preface that they have had no scientific training, and consider themselves competent to write only a "popular work." Upon opening such, we always expect to find fresh proofs that even popular works require considerable scientific training, and some critical knowledge of what to include and what to reject. In fact, the best of them have been written by some of the best-trained men, Huxley and Tyndall, for example. But in the present case our anticipation proved groundless, and we find in the author a writer of the same class as the late Rev. J. G. Wood, who shows himself thoroughly equipped for the difficult task of popularizing knowledge of the great extinct forms of Europe and America. He has been assisted by a clever animal painter, Mr. J. Smit, and the work has also benefited by the kindly advice of some of the staff of the British Natural History Museum.

The text makes little pretence to originality, except in the excellent method of presentation. Extensive use has been made of the works of Cuvier, Agassiz, Lyell, Buckland, and of Owen, whose death has just been announced; and in this country of Leidy, Marsh, and Cope. The author first gives a clear description of the history, discovery, range or distribution in space and time, and general anatomy of each of the extinct monsters. As far as possible the special adaptations to certain habits, modes of locomotion and feeding, indicated in the various parts of the skeleton, are pointed out. Then the zoölogical and botanical surroundings are described, and an attempt is made to give a graphic idea of the external appearance and natural environment. Here the artist aids the author, and the huge reptiles of the Mesozoic period and mammals of the American Tertiary are clothed with muscles and skin and dermal armature, and represented in their native element. Upon the whole, the illustrations are very successful. The rather dramatic style of Waterhouse Hawkins, in which these monsters are engaged in fierce conflicts, is avoided; and the animals are represented peacefully swimming, floating, or walking, as the case may be. One feature about the reptiles strikes us as probably faulty; that is, the bodies are in every case represented as very plump and well-rounded. They bear too much the appearance of the stuffed specimens of the old-fashioned museums, whereas, by analogy with modern forms, the skin should hang rather loosely upon the body in great folds, and the limbs should present a decidedly lean appearance. The rounded form of the existing alligator, for example, is given only by the dermal armature; the skin hangs upon the limbs as on the "lean and slippered pantaloon." With this exception, the illustrations of our great American reptiles, founded upon the splendid restorations published by Marsh, are extremely interesting to the palæontologist, and can be none the less so to the general reader. We see the Brontosaurus, sixty feet in length, with its absurdly small head; the Stegosaurus, thirty feet in length, with its row of great dorsal plates projecting upwards above the line of the back; the graceful sea-serpents, or Mosasaurs, seventy-five feet in length; the uncanny Pterodactyls, or flying dragons—and our imagination is carried back to the remote past, when the peaceful farming lands of Kansas and the arid foot-hills of the Rockies consisted of great swamps and inland lakes, peopled with the most colossal forms the earth has ever produced.

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The extinct mammals treated of are the Uintatherium, an ancient horned monster of Wyoming and Utah; the Titanotherium, which roamed in vast herds between Canada and the Gulf during the lower Miocene period; the Sivatherium of India; the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*) of Siberia and North America, and the extinct Irish elk. Here the text continues admirable, but the artist has relied too exclusively upon instantaneous photographs of the modern elephant and rhinoceros. Thus the Uintatherium is represented with the ankle structure of the elephant, whereas we know from palæontology that its ankle and wrist joints were quite different. Two of these forms are furnished with prehensile upper lips like those of the tapir, whereas the structure of the anterior portion of the skull is wholly different from that of the tapir, and indicates that there could not have been anything in the nature of a proboscis. Well-written popular works, and this is one of them, are the gateways of science. Darwin tells us in his autobiography that it was the influence of a popular book, 'The Wonders of the World,' which impelled him to accept so eagerly the post of naturalist on the *Beagle*. We trust that 'Extinct Monsters' may similarly attract some of its readers to the serious study of the past wonders of the American Continent.

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*Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities.* By William S. Walsh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1892.

MR. WALSH announces the aim of this volume to be primarily to entertain. In this view its success may be conceded, and its prolixity and want of authoritativeness be excused. "The tracing of literary analogies," or the finding of parallelisms for familiar quotations, has especially engaged the editor's zeal, and proverbs and slang have next received his attention, while under a large number of general titles he has stowed away a mass of anecdote, fact, and fancy quite beyond the reach of his index of cross-references. If we know about what to expect under Anagrams or Alliteration, we could not have guessed that under Ambiguities we should find recorded the successive instructions on the face of our mutable United States postal-cards. On the other hand, one might have looked for Lowell's lines—

"life's emblem deep,
A confused noise between two silences,"

among the parallel citations under "Eternities, Between two." In short, if one's entertainment in turning over these pages consists largely in surprises, these are of both sorts, as to what is admitted and what is omitted.

Advertising, Quaint and Curious, and the kindred rubric, Agony Column; Bulls; Errors, Vulgar; Ignorance, Humors of; Punctuation; Puns; Reviews, Curiosities of; Rhymes, Eccentricities of; Self-Appreciation; and Shibboleth, are samples of omnium-gatherum and grab-bag. American political slang is exemplified by Addition, division, and silence; Few die and none resign; I had rather be right than President; Kitchen Cabinet; and Knifing. The lowest end of the scale is reached in titles like Any other man; Before you can say Jack Robinson; How's your poor feet? Let her rip; and Put me in my little bed. Under "First catch your hare" we have the citation from Bracton, and the true meaning of Mrs. Glasse's celebrated recipe, but with a faulty quotation from her book and a mistaken allegation as to the spelling of the lady's name. The talk about *reliable* under Our Small Ignorances shows no acquaintance with Dr. Fitzedward Hall's book on that and other English formations in -able, though the conclusion is sound that the word is sanctioned by good usage. It is the reverse of accurate to say that "when it first appeared in print, it was greeted with contempt and ridicule by pedant and pedagogue." On the contrary, Coleridge's lead in 1800 was followed almost with alacrity by the leading writers of the next two generations. As Dr. Hall has shown, it was a favorite word with the *Saturday Review* itself up to the time when that journal began the ridiculous crusade against it. In a matter nearer home (for *reliable* is not an Americanism), the short and not unfriendly article Abolitionists contains several historical misstatements. Futile are the remarks on "No great shakes," an expression accounted for with a "probably," and unillustrated in use, which is much older and more reputable than is commonly supposed, on both sides of the Atlantic.

It remains to say something about the entries, which are as a rule not strictly alphabetical, but arbitrary, so that, for instance, Henry Clay's high-sounding but really immoral dictum quoted above must be sought not under "I" but under "Right," although it might just as well have appeared under "President." The proof-reading merits praise for its accuracy, and we have observed but a single mischance of the types—on page 937, where the first two words of the Greek line are run together. Not to be commended is the absence of catchwords at the top of the page, since many of the articles fill several pages. We bid good-bye to this medley by saying that it could easily have been dispensed with, but that we prefer to have it rather than to part with it, for occasional reference.

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*General Taylor.* By Oliver Otis Howard, Major-General U. S. A. [Great Commanders.] With portrait and maps. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, pp. xiii., 386.

THE biography of Zachary Taylor is not one of very striking incident, nor can his military career be called great without a liberal use of the word. It is the story of a brave and honest man who did faithful service to his country in all the grades of military rank from subaltern to general. He served on the Indiana frontier against the Indians in the war of 1812, in the Black Hawk campaign on the Mississippi, and in the Seminole war in Florida. The culmination of his career as a soldier was in the war with Mexico, where he proved himself to be a competent leader of a small but independent army of about ten thousand men. He was then elected President, and his sudden death in the early part of his term has always given pathetic interest to his story, especially as it was also associated with critical events in the political history of the country.

Gen. Howard has brought together the available material for a detailed examination of his military life, and, by personal visits to the battle-fields of Mexico, has been able to make the history of the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista both interesting and intelligible to the ordinary reader. In this the maps are of great assistance, and the operations on this line in the Mexican contest are put in satisfactory form. The portion of the book which relates to Taylor's Presidency is subordinate, and does not seem to be more than a sketch of public affairs in their relation to his personal life and influence. It is in accordance with the feeling and custom of the army that a high laudatory tone pervades the book, for the officers of the Mexican war who did their duty have always been heroes to their successors in our army, small as was the actual scale of their operations as compared with that of the great Rebellion. The reader will sympathize in large measure with this tone, and will find the biography a welcome addition to the military history of the country.

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*Empire and Papacy in the Middle Ages:* An Introduction to the Study of Mediæval History for use in Schools. By Alice D. Greenwood. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

THIS little book is one of those numerous bits of work, hacked out by cheap labor to take a place in a "series," which are the bane of our modern educational literature. Why it should appear in a series of "Science Textbooks" it is hard to see, for it is not a textbook and there is no science in it. It is a mere running summary of the history of 1,000 years in 200 pages—a task to be attempted with any hope of success only by the ripest scholarship and the most skilful literary touch. The problem of such a book is to select the telling things and to hold the reader's attention to the great lines of development. Especially are these qualities called for in a book addressed to beginners; in the present case they are conspicuously lacking. The impressions as to race, geographical development, growth of institutions, and the movement of politics which a young reader would get from this book could not be other than vague and confusing. The English of the author is always weak and at times amazing. The old, vicious habit of making all history turn upon the good or bad humor of kings and princes reappears here through a thin disguise of scholarship, and obscures the actual causes of great events. Two little maps in black outline do not add to the usefulness of the book. The parallel table of mediæval monarchs is useful, but even here the fatal incapacity of the author is betrayed by the designation of seven popes, including one with whom Hildebrand had nothing to do and another who represented everything that was hostile to him, as "patrons of Hildebrand"!

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## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkinson, W. The World without a Notion; or, The Universe as a Whole. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.
Brodrick, Harold. The Son of Man. 2 vols. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Brown, J. H. Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. Ottawa: J. Durie & Son.
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Norris, W. E. His Grace. U. S. Book Co. $1.25.
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